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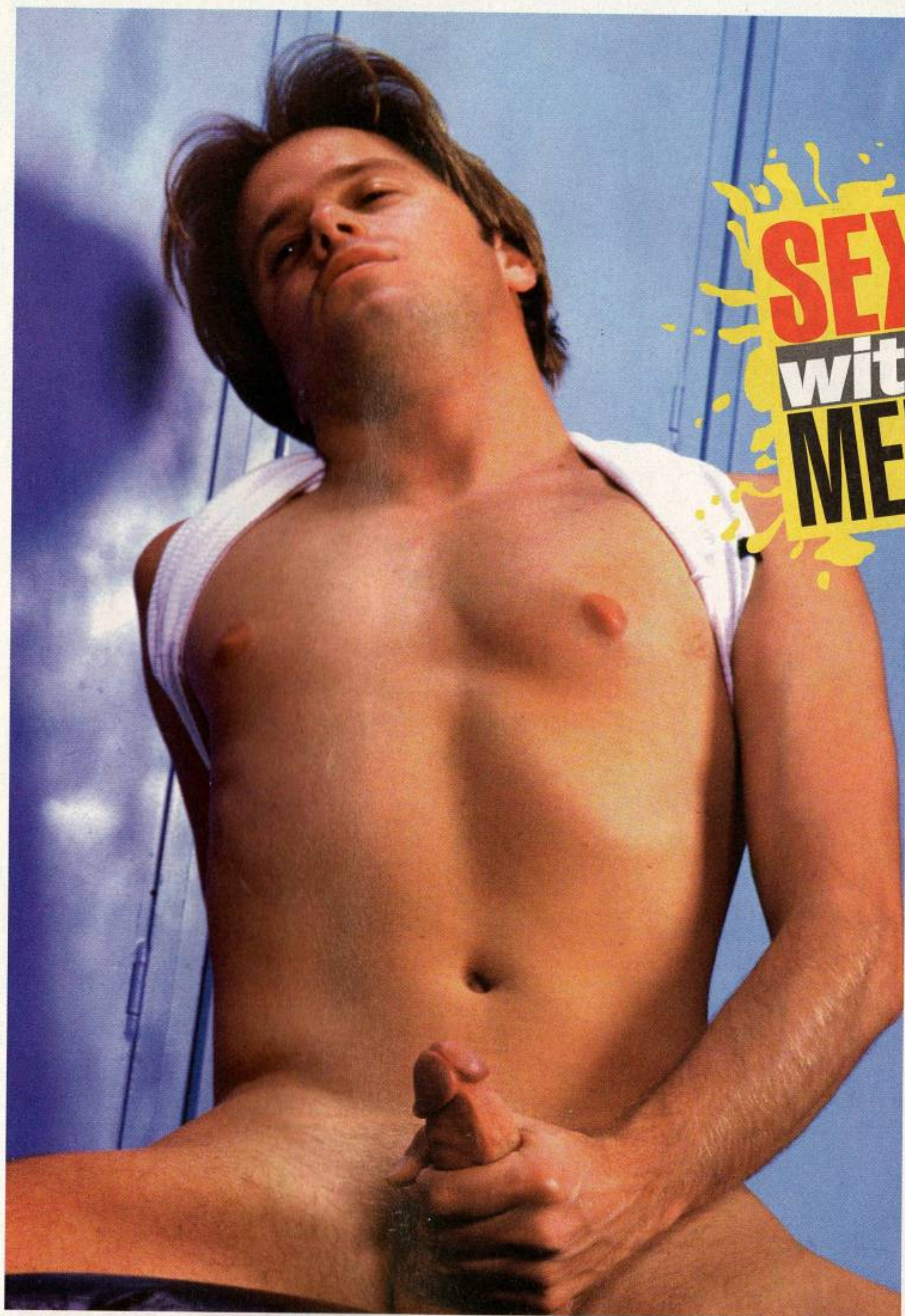
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"If a man does not keep
pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he
hears a different drummer.
Let him step to the music
that he hears, however
measured and far away"

-- Henry David Thoreau

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On the cover: Photo by Falcon Video
Contents page: Photo by Pig Play Pictures

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"Reflections Of The Bath" by Thomas Lukens



Hit Me Hard

Just read Sex Boxing and Body Punching, by Ken Holt (International Drummer #193, Jock Sex). Body punches have always been my biggest turn on. I would like to know if Ken has written any other body punching stories. If he has, please let me know how I can get a copy.

MB

Vancouver, BC

Ed. I do not know if Ken Holt has written any other articles on body punching, but I have forwarded your letter on to him.

Walk on the Wild Side

I read your Walking on the Wild Side article (International Drummer #195, Puff On A Big One) and liked it. Ashtrays, literally, were being seen on conspicuous surfaces in public places about the time the song came out.

TR

NY, NY

Cheap or Cheesy?

#198 is all newspaper print. Was this a cost-cutting move or a failed attempt at the erotic?

ER

Ghent, NY

Ed. Actually it was neither. The printers of the glossy section of our publication shut for over three weeks so...rather than skip an issue, we opted for printing the entire magazine at the printers who provides us with the newspaper section of the magazine. Sorry for the lack of notification – a bureaucratic oversight.

Daddy Wannabe

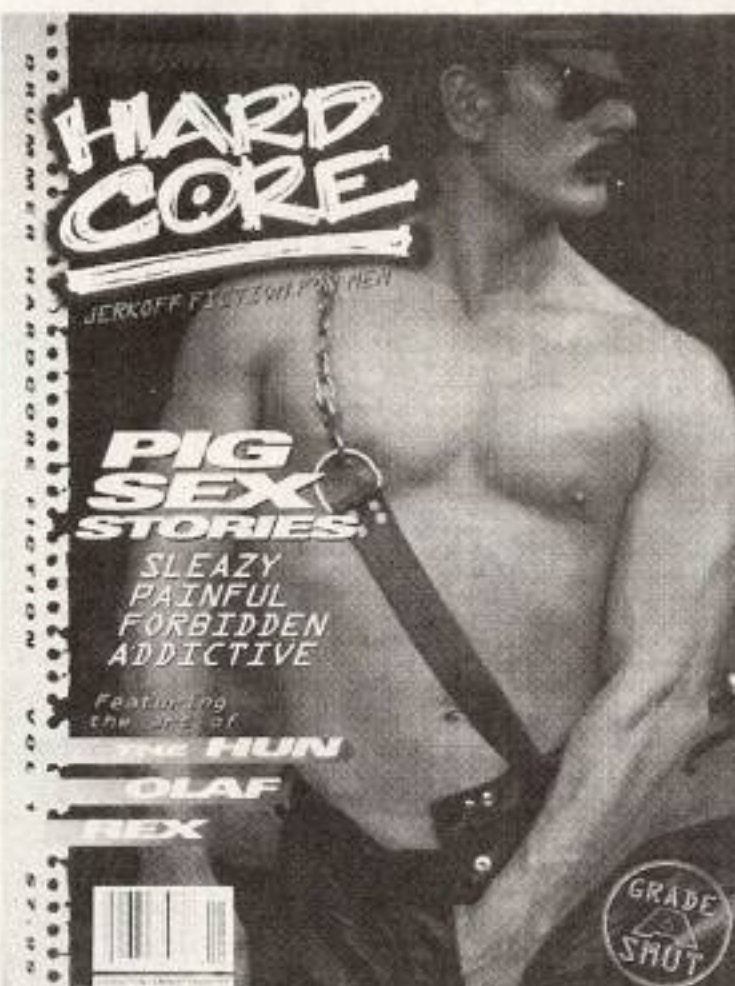
I really enjoyed your #198 issue (Come to Daddy). There are many fine articles, very good artwork, and excellent photography – especially on the cover. Presently,



I am a Daddy only in my mind, but hope to change that soon. When I do, if I may borrow Mr. Sheppard's comment in the last five line of his story (Daddies, Boys, Where to Begin): "When I become 'Daddy', I (will) try to be the Daddy I wish had: affectionate, demanding, worthy of respect." I will also try to produce and maintain the look of physical and emotional contentment the Daddy on the cover of this issue created on his son's face. And I hope I, at that moment, have the Daddy's look of control and pride. Keep up the fine work.

A Wannabe Daddy

Connecticut



Keeping It Up

Just a note of special thanks for the coverage you gave me when I received the Los Angeles Leather title (International Drummer #195, Puff On A Big One). The picture was great and what a great issue! This issue was one of the hottest in the industry. It shows that real men are hot and even hotter in leather or uniform. I feel honored to have been a part of your magazine. Keep up the good work – it sure keeps me up.

Michael Shewan

Mr. Los Angeles Leather 96-97

Drummer Loses Its Hard-on

I am really sick and tired of how soft Drummer has gotten. The stories and coverage is great, but the images – forget it. I can barely get hard anymore. What gives?

MD

Hampton, VA

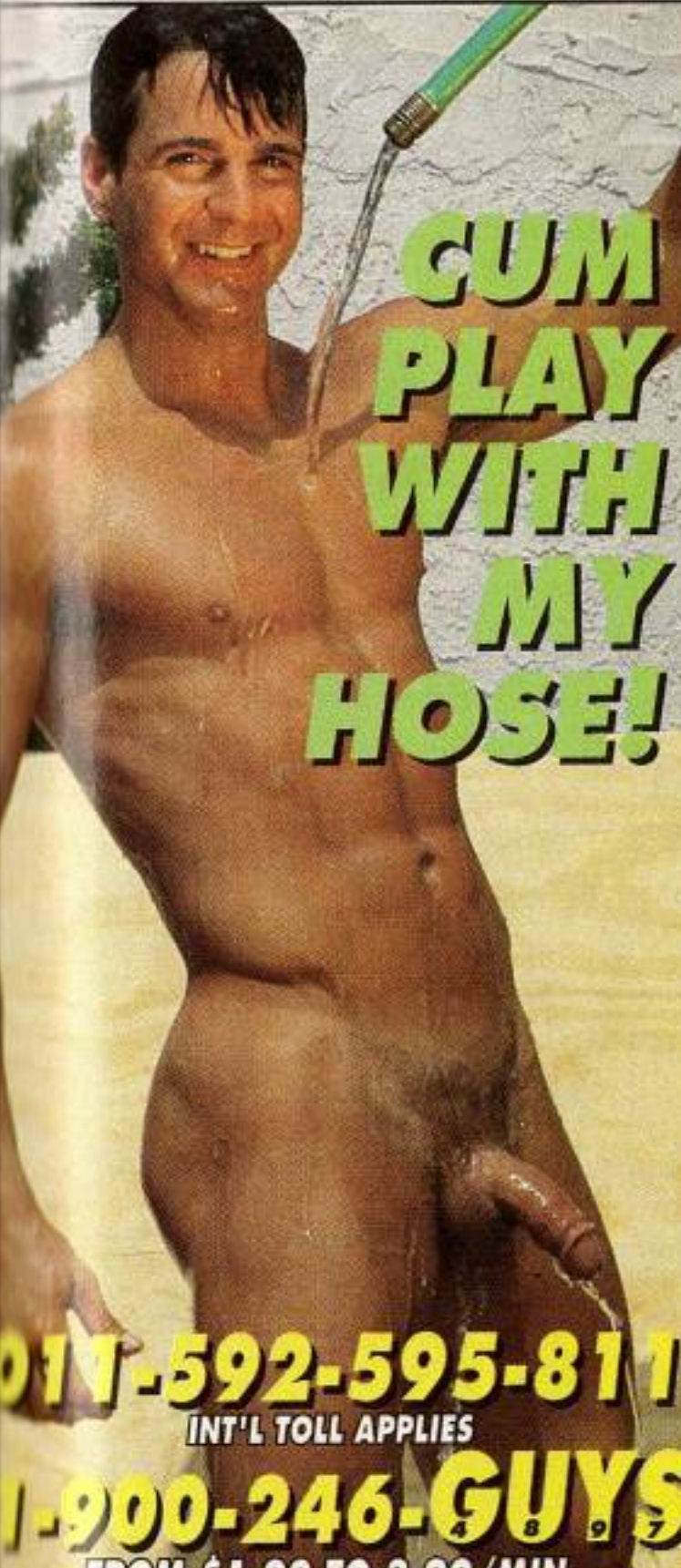
Ed. We agree. But, due to an onslaught of censorship laws – and more community standards, we at Drummer can barely show sex anymore. During the Republican convention not only was Drummer pulled from the stands in San Deigo (International Drummer #196, Pissboy image pg. 42 and Rex image, pg. 90) but also our Hardcore fiction issue (Hun image, pg. 37). And it was for drawings that showed a tiny bit of bodily fluids! But...we persevere and remain committed to showing you the hottest images we can. ■

Send Letters to the Editor to:

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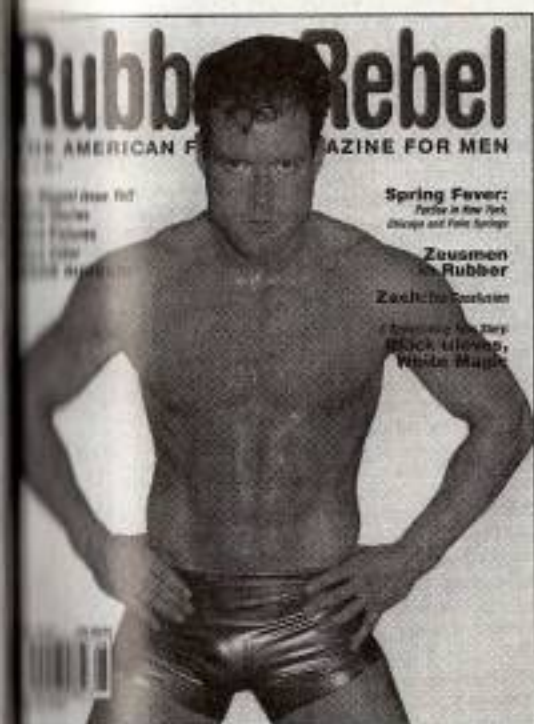
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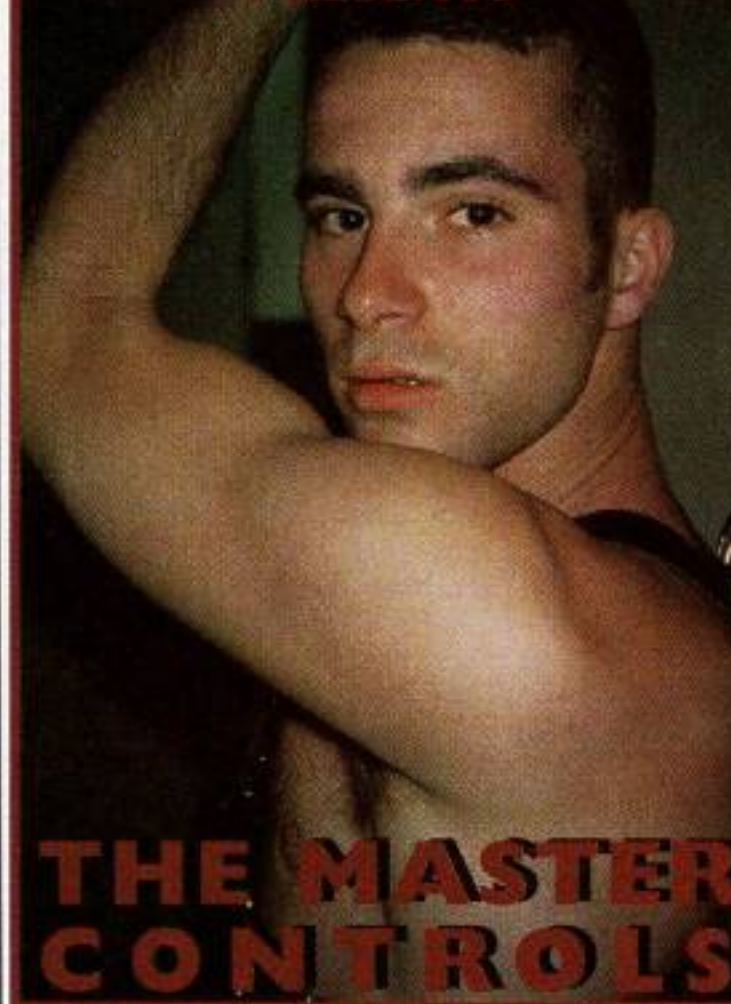
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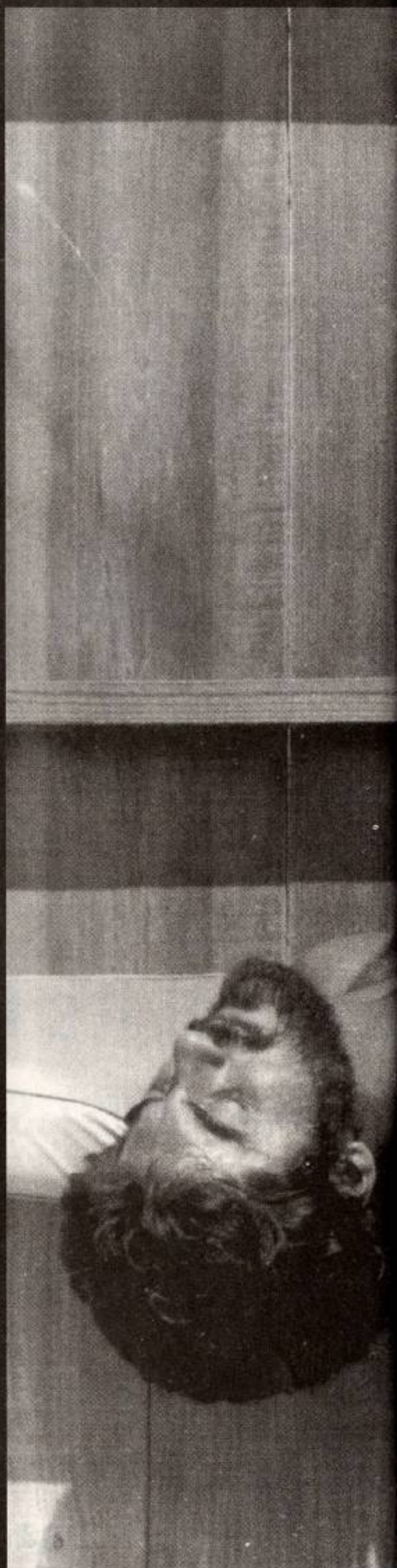
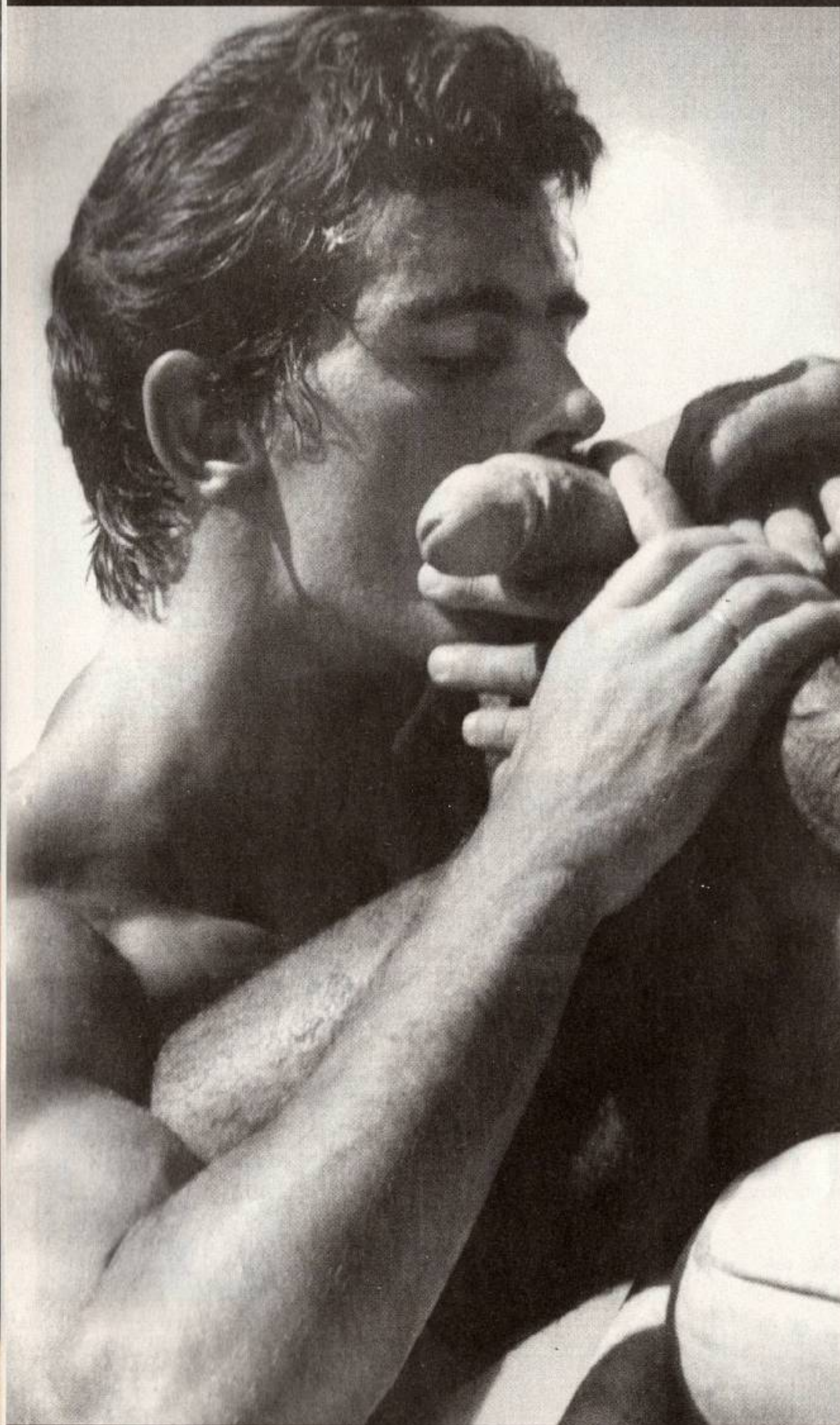


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Photos from the Drummer archives

BOYS IN THE BACKYARD







BOYS IN THE BACKYARD

Porn Reviews

BY CHRISTOPHER J. HOGAN

Butt Spanking.

Produced by Bacchus Releasing in association with Shadow Entertainment. Produced and directed by Shad Doe. Production coordinator: Guy Young. Edited by Scarlet Begonia. Starring Rick Rogue, Tony Lexus, Mike Prescott, and Alan Cage. To order call 800/923-7355.

Shad Doe—do you think that's his real name?—has produced and directed a spanking video much like those in the well known "Spare the Rod" series. However, there are a few big differences between Doe's work and "Spare the Rod" videos. First, the models in Butt Spanking

Rick Rogue is unquestionably the star of Butt Spanking. He appears in all four sequences usually as the top, but his ass does get beaten by Mike Prescott in the second scene. Rogue is almost painfully uncomfortable delivering dialogue and setting up the scenes. He is so self aware and awkward that we never forget for a moment that he is performing for the camera. Sometimes his manner detracts from the video, but only when it's not very important. During the actual spanking sequences, Rogue's somewhat clumsy handling of things somehow works. He manages to emit a sense of joy in discovery. It's as if he's saying to us, "I was just doing this for the money, but it turns out I really like this spanking stuff."

The rest of the performers in Butt Spanking are a little smoother than Rogue. Prescott is especially good. He delivers an ass whopping to Rogue but takes as much pleasure in getting the same done to him moments later. Despite a good cast, Butt Spanking doesn't fully work as a fetish video. The technical quality is as unpolished as Rogue's performance, but that only hurts the video. More importantly, the spankings given simply aren't very severe. The guys' asses turn a little red, but there is no feeling that this is hard-core corporal punishment. Still, it is nice to see the performers get so turned on by the spanking. Hard dicks are, unfortunately, hard to find in fetish porn.

Total Corruption II: One Night in Jail

HIS Video. Directed by Chi Chi LaRue. Written and produced by Gender. Cinematography by Bruce Cam. Starring Scott Randsome, Karl Bruno, Tom Katt, Blade Thompson, Hank Hightower, Jordan Young, Vic Hall, Tony Brocco,

Chris Dano, Taylor Perelli, Hancock Blue, Adam Wilde, Shane Cannon, and Anita Cigar. To order write HIS Video, 9650 DeSoto Ave., Chatsworth, CA 91311-5012, or call 800/458-4336 (in CA call 800/621-2682).

Cops and crooks getting it on have long been the subject of raunchy gay porn. Like many uniform fantasies, this theme has also become common in vanilla videos. Total Corruption II: One Night in Jail shows hope of getting down and dirty in its depiction of jail house action, but it quickly becomes apparent that this video sticks to sucking, fucking, and j/o. Even on that level, Total Corruption II is a disappointment especially since it was directed by Chi Chi LaRue who generally does excellent work.

The cast is a wonderful mix of tough manly men and sweet young things. It's also good to see some veterans like Blade Thompson working with fresher faces like Jordan Young. Given the outstanding cast and the great set-ups, there could be some really hot sex here. Sadly, what we get instead are several missed opportunities. For example, one scene features a jail cell "orgy" with prisoners Scott Randsome, Adam Wilde, Vic Hall, and Taylor Perelli who are joined by guard Hancock Blue. Literally, all that happens is that Wilde sucks Hall and Randsome's

From HIS Video's "Total Corruption II"

From HIS Video's "Total Corruption II"

do not necessarily look like you might expect them to. All four are rather young and attractive, but they are not standard gym-built porn stars. In fact, two of them are almost quirky looking. While the "Spare the Rod" series uses traditional top/bottom roles and stereotypes, Butt Spanking mixes things up a bit. In three of the four scenes, it is not readily apparent who will spank whom, and in one of the scenes, the roles switch. Finally, unlike "Spare the Rod" videos, the guys in Butt Spanking get hard-ons and even jack off to orgasm at the end of their spanking sessions.





From Falcon Video's "Nighthawken"

dicks while Perelli and Blue watch and jack off. Oh well.

Total Corruption II does try to make a statement against police entrapment in public sex parks—talk about preaching to the choir. However, the "message" in this video is a little hard to take coming from Scott Randsome. He talks and talks about how great it is to be gay and how hot public, gay sex is, but he barely participates in gay sex. Actions speak louder than words, so if you're going to say there's nothing wrong with gay sex, you'd better be willing to suck some cock.

Nighthawken

Falcon International Collection. Directed by Victor Dunai. Edited by Delta Digital. Starring Michael Simovik, Kristoff Jonas, Roman Ghregor, Milos Janek, Daniel Ruzovy, Dano Sulik, Alexy Hanzlik, Jan German, Martin Valko, Peter Sidow, and Eric Kovac. To order write Falcon Studios, P.O. Box 420750, San Francisco, CA 94142-0750, call 800/227-3717 (in California, call 415/431-7722), or visit the Falcon website at <http://www.falconstudios.com>.

Judging by its title, one might think Nighthawken was a dark leather video. Coming from the Falcon International Collection which gave us Lucas's Story and other videos by George Duroy, Nighthawken might be the latest thing for boy lovers. This video is, in fact, the latter. Very cute young (as in eighteen to twenty-two years old) guys get together and get it on. Nighthawken falls short of the expectations built by other Falcon International Collection videos. The videography is not well done, and the sex isn't very hot. These boys do maintain incredible raging boners for long periods of time. They also shoot amazing loads of

cum. There just isn't a lot of joy or excitement here. The performers are not, alas, as wonderfully versatile as the boys we have seen in early imports from Eastern Europe. Much of the video has the lamentable quality of going through the motions of sex, and you can rent American videos to see that.

Cocktales, Volume II: Captive Cop

Dogboy Productions. Directed, produced, and edited by Joe Wright. Cinematography by Jack Liddon and Joe Wright. Sign interpreter: Ron Sikora. Starring Mark Cairns and Jon Folsom. To order write Dogboy Productions Inc., 3023 N. Clark St., Suite #115, Chicago, IL 60657.

Dogboy Productions has followed up Cocktales, Volume I: Sizzle with (surprise) Cocktales, Volume II: Captive Cop. Like its predecessor, Captive Cop features only two performers in the sex scenes. This time it's the cop who gets tortured, beaten, and humiliated. The video starts with police officer Jon Folsom tied to a chair. The "thug," Mark Cairns, soon enters and begins to work on Folsom. Cairns tears open Folsom's uniform shirt and then forces the cop to lick his boots. He then applies tit clamps to Folsom that are so big and heavy they look more like vice grips on chains than sex toys.

After some more torture in the chair including being subjected to vacu-pumping, Folsom is untied. Once released, the

cop is stripped for more discipline. Cairns spansks his ass with his hand and with a riding crop. There is also more boot licking to be done. Cairns finger fucks Folsom and the men engage in a little sixty-nining. Finally, both guys get off.

Captive Cop is a quite decent, raunchy video. The action is interesting, and the sexual dynamic is believable. One interesting aspect of the video is that there is no verbal abuse. There is no speaking at all. Apparently, one or both of the performers is hearing impaired. (A sign interpreter is listed in the credits.) Dogboy is to be commended for casting these guys. They are both certainly hot enough to be in porn, but many studios might not have used them. Director Joe Wright doesn't really hide the disability in the video, but he doesn't embrace it. Seeing the guys sign on screen would have been fine. It may have even made the action hotter.

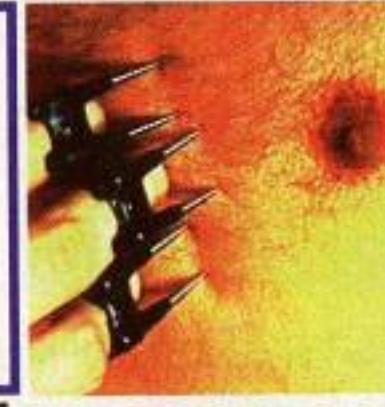
Weekend Sex Camp

Close-Up Productions. Directed by Steve Johnson. Videography by Steve Walker and Steve Johnson. Starring Eduardo, Sam Carson, Paul Carrigan, Brian Kidd, Chaz Carlton, and Michael Vista. To order write Close-Up Productions, P.O. Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

Steve Johnson and Close-Up Productions have moved up to the gay porn big league with Weekend Sex Camp. The production values are much higher than in early videos from this studio. They have also snagged some of the best and most popular performers working to appear in it. Sadly, it seems that Close-Up productions sacrificed its edge to move into the mainstream. If their past productions were not the most hard-core SM stuff on the market, they at least had a pleasant raunchy bite to them. It would have been terrific to see guys like Sam Carson, Paul Carrigan, and Brian Kidd engaged in the type of action we saw in Alex's Leather Dream or Daddy's Slave Induction. That's not what Weekend Sex Camp gives us. Instead, it's filled with fair but purely vanilla sex. ■

From Falcon Video's "Nighthawken"



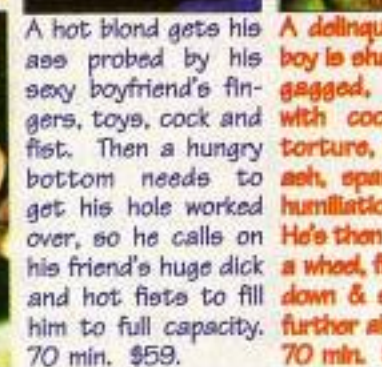


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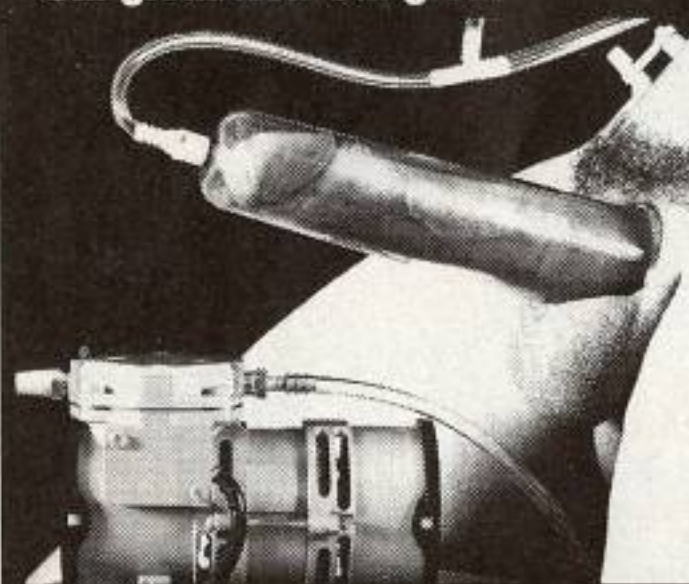
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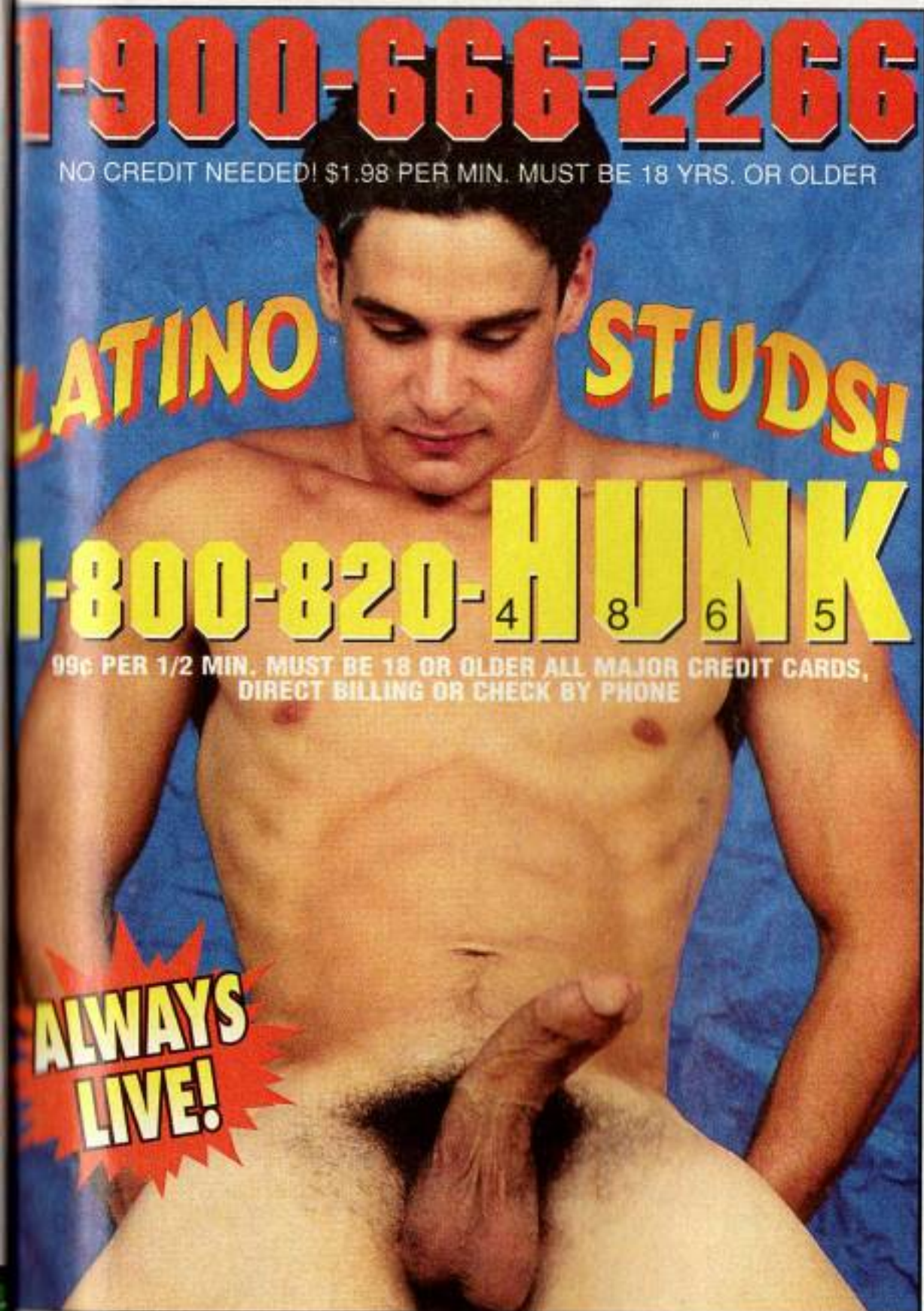
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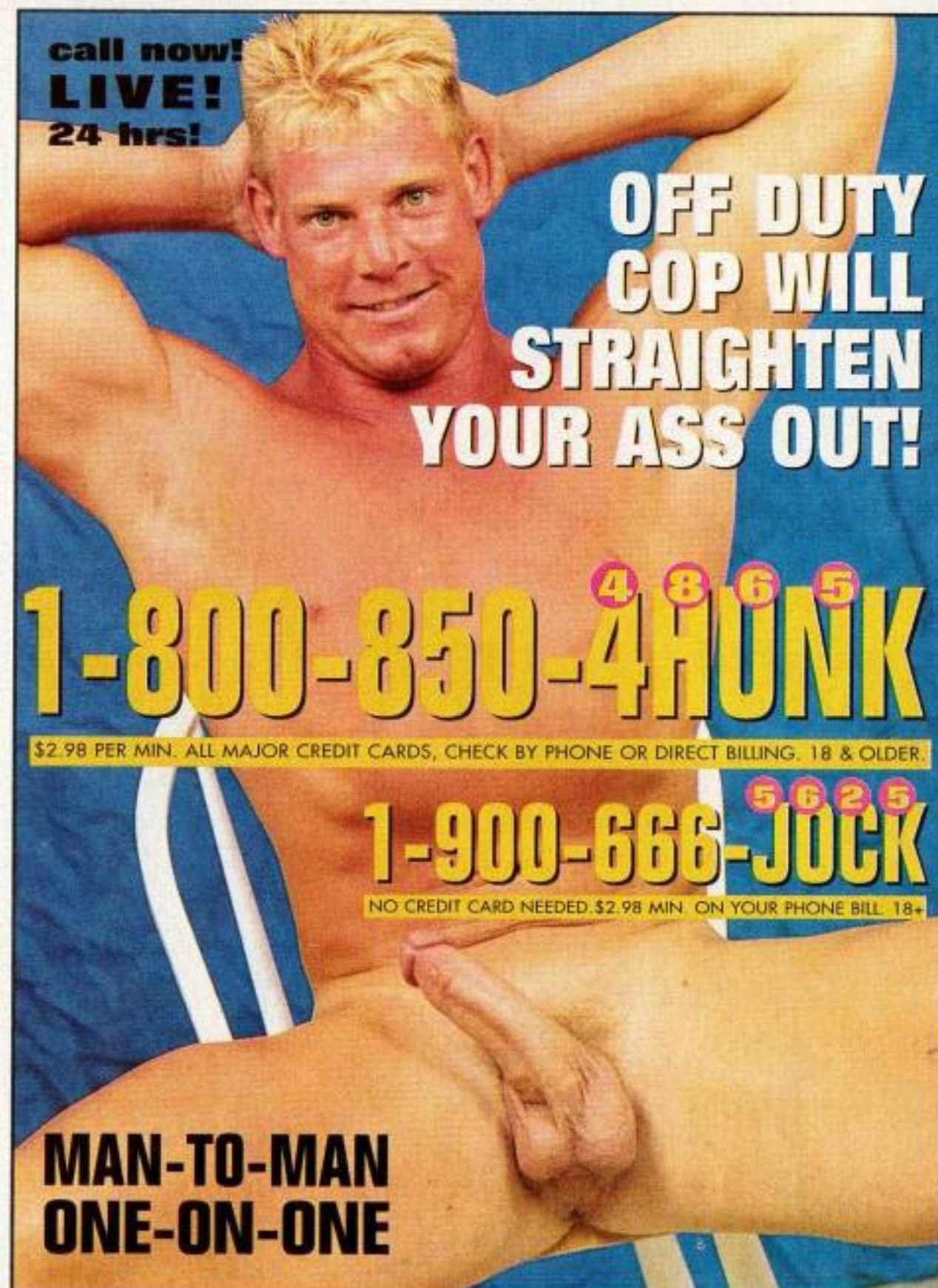
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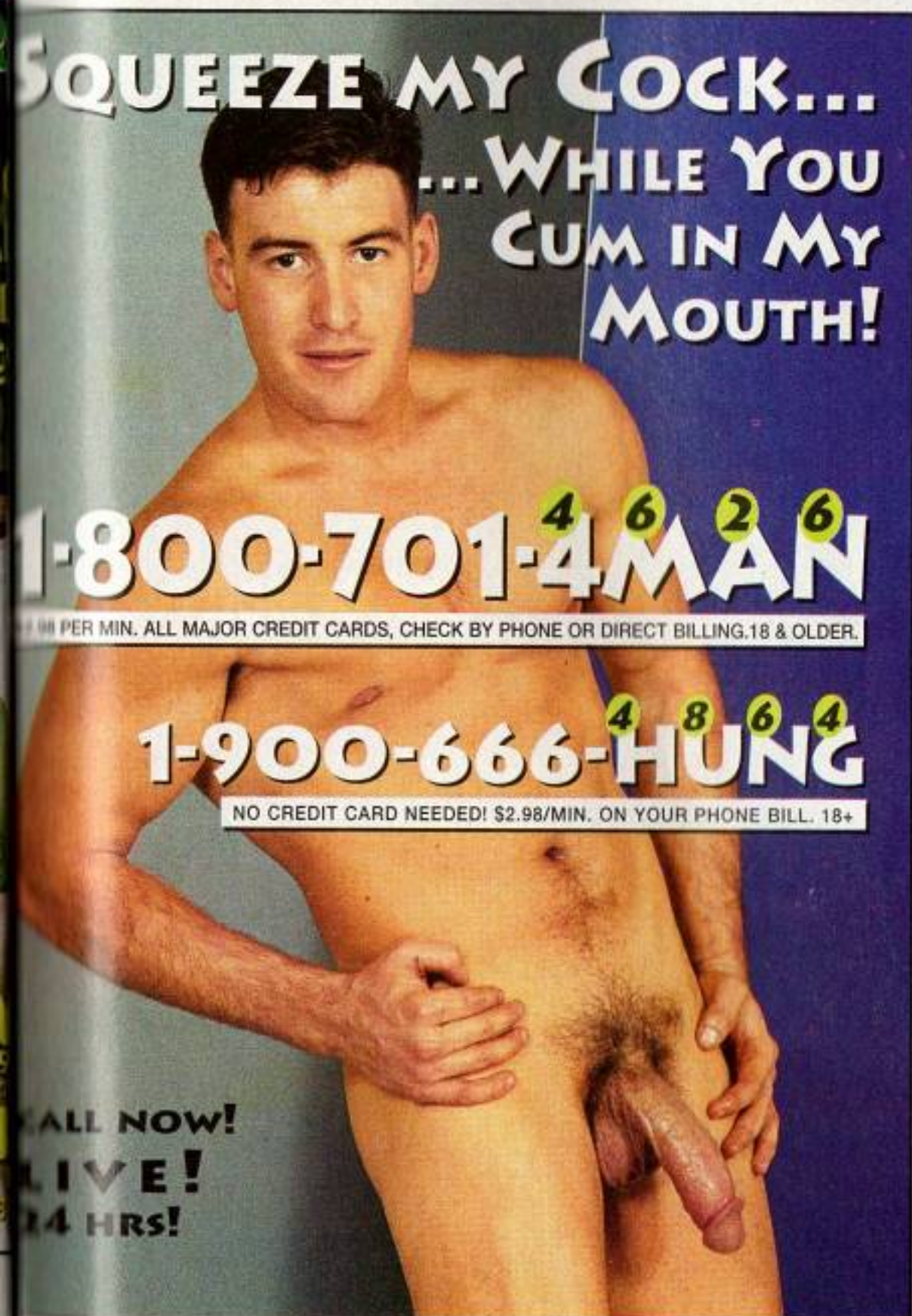


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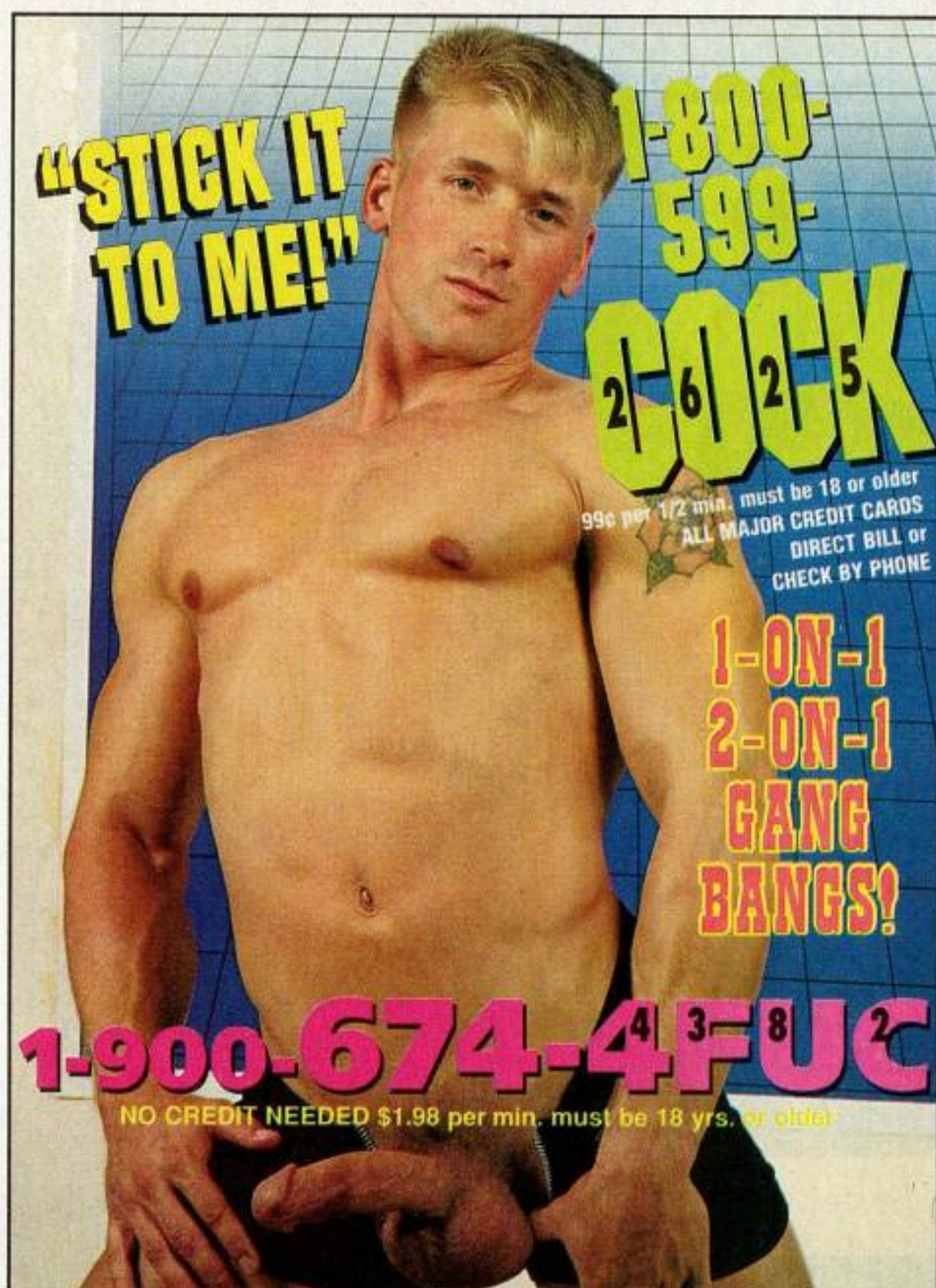


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Suckulent Sex

BY DR. NORMAN GREENSTEIN


I recently received the following letter from a fan of the vacuum cleaner as a sexual device. He is so eloquent with regard to his enjoyment of his trusty Hoover I must let him speak for himself:

Dear Dr. Greenstein:

My new boyfriend is nervous about trying a technique on me which I have found to be safe and extremely satisfying. I have written him the following essay and I hope you will be able to make medical comments about the safety of male genital vacuuming that will help allay his fears.

"The key element in genital vacuuming is a powerful canister vacuum cleaner. It should not be so loud as to interfere with the Master's concentration, but loud enough to impress the slave with the power of the vacuum. The noise and sensation of the vacuum work together, causing both the feeling of suction as the machine grabs the testicles and pulls them, and the fear of being castrated if the vacuum pulls hard enough. The vacuum cleaner is a machine which does not understand the bottom's fear or pain but just methodically sucks on the captured testicles or penis, subject to the whim and control of the Master.

"A vacuum cleaner would have to be incredibly powerful in order to castrate his captured testicles, much more force than is produced by a household appliance. Many men play with ball stretchers, parachutes and weights, and various other techniques putting stress on the scrotum without damage. Indeed, if the bag in the machine is full it barely pro-



Many men play with ball stretchers, parachutes and weights, and various other techniques putting stress on the scrotum without damage.

PHOTOS: DRUMMER ARCHIVES

TECHNIQUES

duces enough suction to be noticeable. In order to produce sufficient suction power, it is best to install a new bag right before a scene. Some vacuum cleaners allow operation without a bag installed, and this will enhance the suction power that much more.

"The Master can increase incredibly the slave's pain by using the "slap-suck" technique on his slave's testicles. The dusting brush is positioned under the dangling testicles and then quickly flicked up against the lowermost one with the vacuum on maximum power. This presents a slave with a stinging in his scrotum that cannot be ignored. And it causes a panic in his mind that this suction that is ravaging his scrotum will just suck his balls off. The dusting brush tool on the end of the vacuum hose can be used to capture the testicle(s) into a hole in the center of the dusting bristles. This causes a burning, immediate pain in the scrotal skin which is then intensified by the vacuum sucking the testicle into the opening in the center of the dusting brush bristles which forces those bristles even harder into his scrotal skin to worsen the terrible burning sensation. This works best in a warm room or after the application of a warm washcloth, since the testicle is easier to capture if it is hanging as low in the sac as possible.

"The dust brush also works well to vacuum the penis. The penis head in the brush is surrounded by a rush of air which pulses rapidly, and the penis is stretched and pulled by the suction of the vacuum. It works best if the penis is semi-flaccid when it enters the brush. The feeling is more intense than directly applying a vibrator, and the suction feels like it is traveling down the urethra toward the supply of semen, like sucking a thick milkshake through a straw. The feeling is so intense I've never been able to last over a minute before I was powerfully ejaculating (so it's

important to put a thin cloth between the dust brush and the hose to catch the semen).

"There have been about 25 reported injuries in the medical literature to the penis from vacuuming since the 1940s. Only 1 resulted from direct application of a vacuum which was to an elderly Italian male with diabetes (which is known to weaken the skin tone). He suffered a ripping off of his uncircumcised foreskin (called a denuding) of his penis from his vacuuming of his penis; it's safer only to do this if the bottom is circumcised. Most other penis injuries were from the use of a hand held cleaner like a Dustbuster, which allowed the penis to come into contact with unprotected fan blades; whereas, the modern canister vacuum cleaner's hose attachment prevents contact with those fan blades in the canister unit, and is thus quite safe." —Nevada Steve



Steve, thanks so much for writing about your interest in this common household appliance. Your letter was so steamy I found it necessary to quote it at length for the enjoyment of our readers.

I agree there is little danger from using a canister vacuum as you describe, although I would caution against using one such as a Shop Vac which is more powerful than those intended for home use. The circular brush attachment you describe has an opening large enough that the suction is spread out safely, although I am a bit concerned about the chance of infection from skin punctures by the bristles.

You do not say if the vacuum is the same one you clean the floor with. Anything contaminating the bristles can be driven into the skin with your "slap-suck" approach and may cause nasty infection.

Cleaning the skin well with alcohol, betadine or peroxide after the scene will be helpful but I highly recommend using a brush which is only used on skin and never on floors. Since blood may contaminate the bristles after play, and brushes are very hard to disinfect completely due to particles possibly being trapped between the bristles, I recommend having the brush reserved for you alone.

Many men use suction devices such as the Accujack on the penis. While some use suction devices for treatment of impotence, many others use it for the sensation, or because they believe it may permanently enlarge their dick if they use it enough. These types of suction devices may occasionally cause small blood vessels inside the penis to burst, leading to bruising, but this is not serious. I have heard complaints of the texture of the penis in chronic Accujack users becoming too spongy for satisfactory oral sex. Playing with a vacuum cleaner brush is no more likely to cause such problems to the penis than a suction device.

I would caution against using the hose of the vacuum directly on either the penis or the scrotum. When either organ enters the tube and makes a seal, the machine's efficiency will decrease because the airflow is impeded, so the suction force will decrease. Even so, it is possible to get a pretty spectacular hickey on the scrotum with any vacuum cleaner. Sudden application of the tube of a higher horsepower machine may cause more serious damage.

It is true the scrotum can withstand the pull of large weights in some men; however, these must be applied slowly. The blood supply to the testicles is complex and tortuous, with many large and delicate veins. Yanking suddenly with a high-powered suction tube could rip one of these veins, leading to bleeding inside the scrotum which is dif-

ficult to control, or to damage to the epididymus. Large hematomas and injured epididymi can both

Castration-threat scenes touch on a primal and potent fear. This is not something to be played with

Castration-threat scenes touch on a primal and potent fear. This is not something to be played with lightly, and even if a submissive begs for it, is not something a Master should pursue on a first date.

develop infections which are very painful and can threaten fertility. At the very least, it is safer to apply the tube to the scrotum first, before turning on the vacuum cleaner. No matter how long the tube, the on-off switch should be close enough to be within reach.

In your letter you also mentioned the importance of castration fantasies to the experience of genital vacuuming. I think this touches on the difference between a submissive and a masochist. A pain slut with an appliance fetish will be into the sensation itself. A submissive may or may not enjoy the sensation, but to him the powerful nature of a vacuum-wielding Master will be more important.

lightly, and even if a submissive begs for it, is not something a Master should pursue on a first date. Emotional edge-play of this nature can be intoxicating and hot while it happens but can cause problems the next day or later. Many men have a history of physical or sexual abuse, and playing with primal fears such as castration may bring up repressed emotional traumas. A top and bottom playing with castration head games should wait to do so until there is a sufficient level of trust between them to talk about the feelings such play might bring up. The safety of the mind and emotions is just as important as the safety of the genitals. ■

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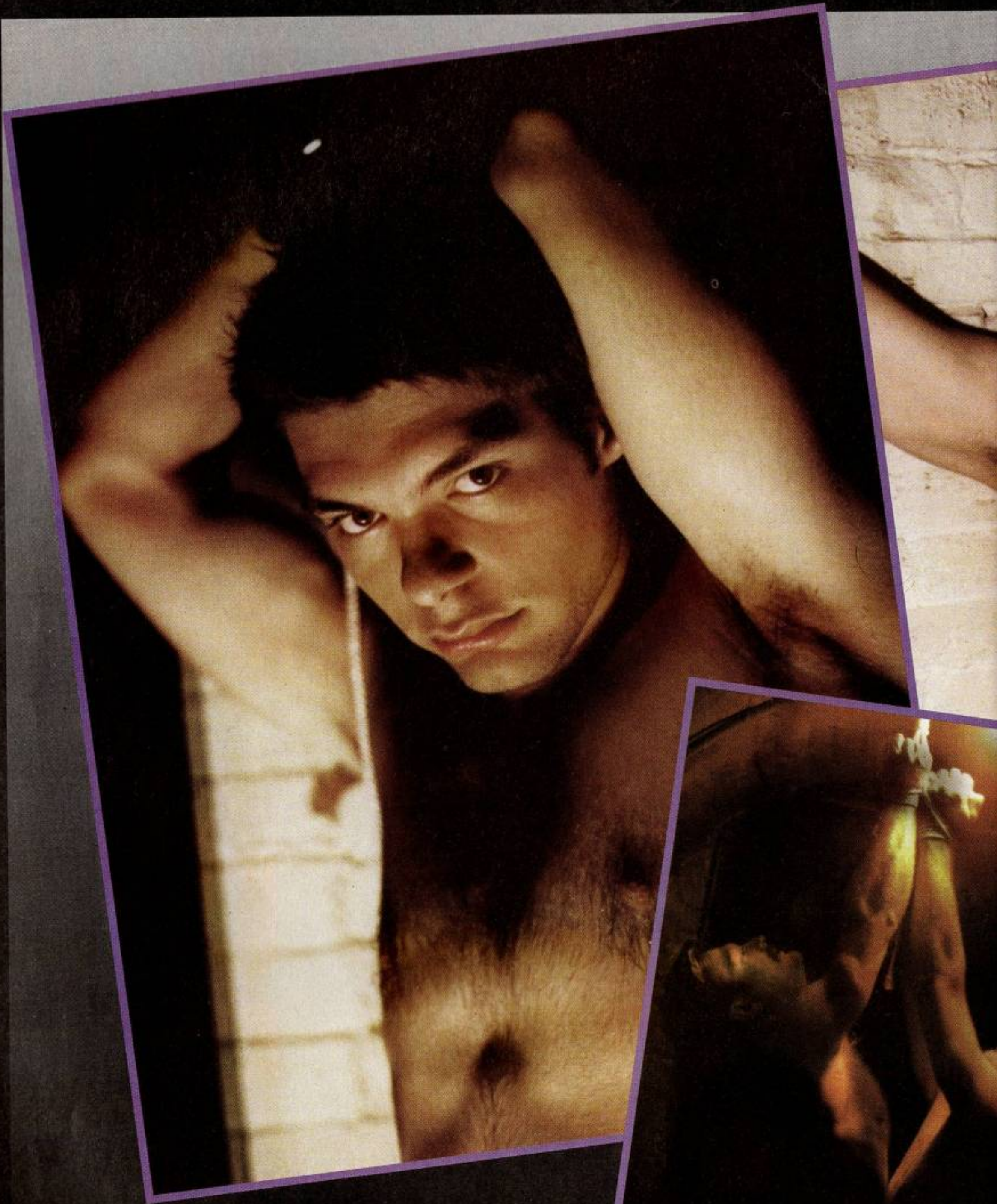
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A NIGHT AT THE

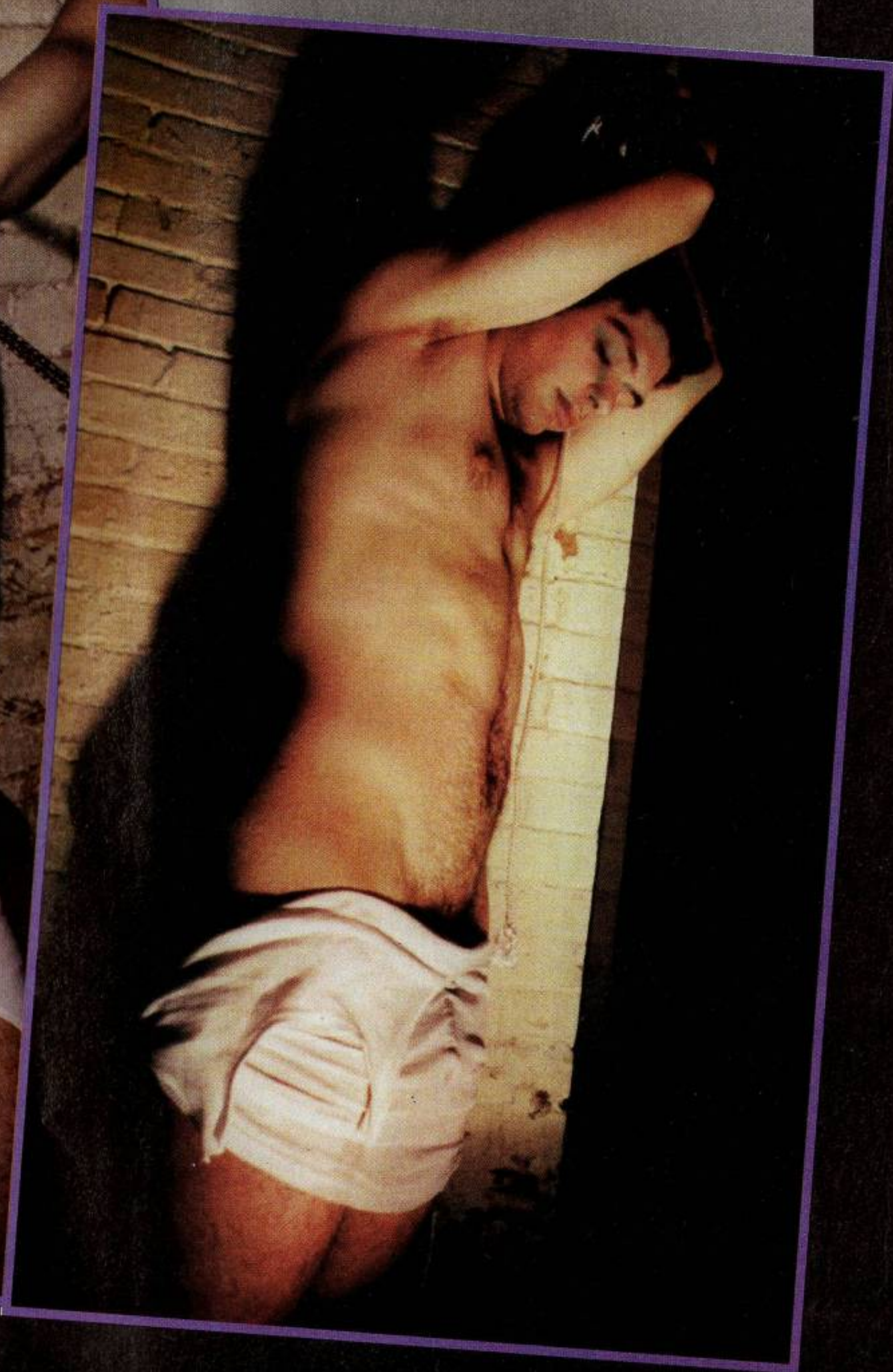


Photos taken in the Dungeon Room
at the Flex Bathhouse in Cleveland, Ohio



A NIGHT AT THE BATHS

The Flex Bathhouse
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A NIGHT AT THE BATHS

THROUGH A MAZE, DARKLY

BATH HOUSE SEX

By Scott O'Hara

The Seventies are generally regarded as an era of licentiousness and sexual excess: bathhouses, discos, Fire Island, poppers, fisting, leather, cruising (and Cruising), backrooms, orgies. I regret to say that I'm not qualified to comment on most of this. I didn't set foot inside a bathhouse until May, 1980; I never liked disco; I've still never visited Fire Island (though my East Coast friends maintain that it has now recovered much of its pre-AIDS abandon), and cruising, for me, was largely a matter of being totally oblivious. When you're eighteen years old, you can afford the arrogance of letting the other guy make the approach.

Still, latecomer though I was, I still had time to dive into the hot tub once I discovered it. In the first three years of my debauch, I visited no fewer than forty bathhouses, scattered around two countries; I hope none of you will be so unkind as to make a connection between that fact and the fact that most of them closed shortly thereafter. Believe me, I did my best to prevent their closure, both by patronizing them regularly and by political activism. None of it worked. Those that weren't closed by city edict eventually lost business, due to the hysteria sweeping the country, that

economics forced their closure. It's one of my great regrets that I never got to see the New St. Mark's, in New York. By all accounts, it was the grandest of them all. I probably would have hated it. After all, the Steamworks in Honolulu — a tiny, rather dingy little place, about a tenth the size of the CBC San Francisco — will always remain one of my bathhouse ideals.

And just to put to rest one of

those suspicions that everyone reading this article is bound to have: Could I have caught AIDS at the baths? Well, of course I could have. In fact, I haven't the foggiest notion where I caught it, and it doesn't much matter. In a whimsical mood, I'll state that I hope I did get it at the baths: because there are so many encounters from bathhouses that I remember with lust, awe, and affection. Let's say, just for conve-



PHOTOS: FALCON STUDIOS

nience' sake, that I got injected with the virus on a certain night in late '80, at Manscountry in Chicago (an improbably early date, admittedly; but a memorable one), when I arrived, showered, sat in the hot tub relaxing for a while, then went upstairs to the orgy room (pitch-black), felt my way through the masses of men to the far wall, bent over the carpeted and padded bench between two other similarly receptive men, and waited for the line to form behind me. I didn't wait long. I'd only recently read a story, in some porn magazine, of a man who got fucked by 39 men in one night; it had fired my imagination, and I was determined to equal it. (This

deposit my own load in one of the other greedy sex-pigs.

Naturally, this is exactly the scenario which prompted Randy Shilts et al. to sound the alarm bells and force the closure of the baths. Was it the "cesspool of disease" that it has been called, in so many editorials? Well, only if you consider queer sexuality itself to be a cesspool. Many of these editorialists apparently do. Myself, I never felt so satisfied as when I stumbled home from the baths in the early morning light, grinning blissfully, Crisco squishing between my cheeks, tits so sore that my shirt was almost intolerable. I can well understand why such an establishment must be closed: soci-

I'm sure he got his virus from a loving, caring, mutually supportive intimate and monogamous relationship. In his bedroom.

But here I go, being bitchy, which was not my intent. Speak no ill of the dead, you know. It's also perfectly possible that I could have gotten infected from that man-of-my-dreams, with whom I was infatuated for all of six months. Yes, we were In Love; but somehow I doubt that the virus understood the sacrilegious nature of our relationship.

The baths...that phrase conjures so many images to me. That orgy room at Manscountry, all tactile and aural, no visual, is one of the prime ones. The hot tub downstairs is another. Baths, in my humble opinion, should have a hot tub. Without it, you may call them many things, but they aren't a bathhouse. And that medieval grotto at Manscountry...! Dank and mildew, condensation dripping from the ceiling, brick walls that looked like original Catacombs, with rusted fixtures rusting away; who knows what bacterial menagerie lurked in the water? I loved it. Did I have sex in the hot tub? Undoubtedly, though the generally-accepted practice was to catch someone's eye, then get out, spend an inordinate amount of time showering and drying off, then saunter over to the steamroom (with a meaningful glance back at your potential quarry). Once inside the steamroom...well, my modus operandi was to lie down on the bench bisecting the room. If my quarry didn't find me, someone else soon would. It hardly mattered.

And that was one of the glories of the bathhouses, back in the — — Good Old Days: it really didn't matter. The only sin was Neediness expressed as Pushiness: yet I talked disparagingly about trolling in my use of the term, I think not referring to an age or weight appearance, but to an attitude of lack of the proper sense of



scenario still gets me as excited as any other.) I have no idea how close I came; I kind of doubt that I got beyond ten. My asshole, while eager, has never had a lot of endurance. But ten is quite enough. Was one of them Gaetan Dugas? I kind of hope so. Eventually, I know, my asshole dripping with cum (an image that also arouses me beyond all rational definition), I stumbled to my feet and made my way to the end of one of the other lines, to

eternity does not allow that sort of unalloyed happiness. Heaven, as any theologian will tell you, can only be achieved through suffering. It has also been suggested, by those less charitable than I, that Randy only began his campaign to close the baths after the 8th & Howard club (one of the ones with a restrictive door policy) began refusing him admittance. But I'm sure Randy would never have bent over a bench, waiting for a line to form.

Desperation has never been an attractive characteristic. As I've aged, I've come to accept it in my own life: on those nights (afternoons, mornings) when I feel most in need of company (and fucking), when I go to the baths or the bushes with a specific desire in mind—those are the times when I will find myself invisible. Shunned. Which doesn't help my mental state. The proper attitude for the baths is: *Que sera, sera*. If I get fucked, fabulous; if I don't, the sauna will still feel divine. I think I had that attitude down pat when I was lying on the bench in the steamroom at Manscountry; I've only had to remind myself of it a few times since. The essence of a bathhouse (besides a hot tub) is friendliness: camaraderie. In a really good baths, I feel the way an English gentleman of the 19th century must have felt upon entering his private club: this is my domain, they know me here, I can let down my guard and talk (fuck) with anyone, because anyone here will be of like mind. Not quite universally true, of course, but close enough: the towels spoke to that.

Ah, the towels! There is nothing quite like a towel. I guess the modern equivalent is the underwear party, but it's not quite the same. At a dry underwear party, one is still competing in a fashion show: if you're wearing last year's brand, I gather, you're scorned. But bathhouse towels are uniform, perfectly democratic; and thus, they disappear. They mean nothing — unless, as I always did, you wear them draped over your shoulder. Shameless, I tell you.

I've always been a nudist at heart: as a young teen, I used to look forward to Sunday mornings, when the family was at church, so I could sunbathe nude on the back lawn. See? Religion does so have a purr, doesn't it? And towels ... well, they're an artificial construct, an effort to give people the comfort and psychological protection of clothing without its complications (shoelaces, buttons,



zippers); but they've also taken on an additional meaning, an association with steamrooms and dark hallways, mirrors and mazes. Even in the darkest of orgy rooms, a white towel still stands out; and if it doesn't outline the silhouette of a perfect butt, neither does it discourage wandering hands.

One of the more amusing features of many of the more elaborate baths

(the Ballpark in Denver, the Club Ft. Lauderdale, most of the Midtowne Spas) was some form of maze. Now, I don't quite understand the reason for this attraction; but it's quite universal. We like to be lost. It's sexy. One of the best-designed baths in the world is the St-Marc Spa in Toronto, because the hallways all branch and turn at odd angles: after spending a long night there, I still

had to wander around for ten minutes before I could find the locker room. Call it "safe-danger": everyone talks about how queers are danger-freaks, always looking for sex in the riskiest places. Well, the sensation of being lost (and then being "found" by your own personal Tarzan) provides a slight frisson of that feeling of panic — without having to strand yourself in the wilderness and subject yourself to the attention of real bears. I cannot recommend too strongly, to all of you out there who have an obsession with symmetry and long sight-lines, that you stay out of the bathhouse business.

The baths were an era; they were the symbol of adventure. We have entered a new era, the age of safety. It won't last. But will we survive it — or will we die of boredom? Oh, carry me back to ol' Manscountry ...

MY LIFE AND TIMES AT THE BATHS

By David May

One afternoon in 1977 I got a call from my friend Mark. We'd been close since high school, two baby fags coming to terms with being gay and naturally drawn to each other as friends. We were both in college now, barely legal, and beginning to make our ways in the world. Mark was the one who took me to my first gay bar a few years before, when we were still underage. Mark had just been to the baths for the first time and, always looking out for my best interests, suggested I try the tubs as well with him as my chaperone.

Being a Puritan by birth as well as upbringing, I was shocked at the

suggestion — but questioned him extensively about bathhouse etiquette and behavior for over an hour; I wanted to know exactly what went on there. It would not be for several years, after I'd gained enough confidence in both my appearance and my sexual prowess that I delved into the world of bathhouses and sex clubs. It was a man made in heaven.

I'm not even sure which sex club or bathhouse I went to first, I only know that I soon thought institutionalized sex to be one of the hallmarks of civilization. There were those days more sex clubs and bathhouses in San Francisco than you could shake your dick at. Each with its own crowd and atmosphere, some, like the Cauldron and the House, even specializing in certain activities like water sports or fistfucking. Being young and full of cum, I sampled as many of them as I could, exploring as many ways to fuck as went along.

"Sex is a smorgasbord," I told my friends, many of whom refused to believe the tales of my exploits unless there were witnesses. "Sex is a smorgasbord and I want a taste of everything on the table."

So I wasn't just a slut: I was a pro. One night around 1980 I ran into my friend and fellow slut, Tom. Since we'd met at the Jaguar in the first place, and both of us loved sex as both a hobby and a vocation, we decided to see who could score the most cock in our ass that night. I won. To tell the truth, I lost count sometime around twelve. Fortunately, Tom demanded an exact count. He put me in action and couldn't keep his eyes. I was working it.

San Francisco was then, as now, a world unto itself. Institutionalized sex was available at any hour and in any place in the city. Some sex clubs only closed for just a few hours a day, and baths not at all. Out in San Francisco, especially in terms of how and where I



distorted my idea of what passed for normal. When I went to baths in other parts of the country over the years, I was always amazed at how different they were from San Francisco's bathhouses. In San Francisco, men fucked in the open, often in front of an appreciative crowd. Orgy rooms and saunas were usually crowded with men doing it, and it was unusual to insist on privacy for sex. When one man visiting San Francisco told me that he wasn't used to sex in front of an audience, my only response was, "Yeah?" as I guided his dick into my butt. He got over it.

The rest of the world, I learned, was not like this. When I grabbed a man's crotch at a bathhouse in San Diego — after ascertaining a mutual interest — he nearly jumped out of his towel. It was only when we were able to shut a door behind us that he would even kiss me. And it wasn't just him. Nowhere that night did I see more than the most casual physical contact between men, though there was plenty of noisy sex going on behind closed doors. Only in New York and Los Angeles did I discover the sexual abandon I'd come to expect at the baths, and even then they always seemed to lack the indefinable something that defined San Francisco hedonism in those days.

My favorite bathhouses of all time were in Amsterdam. Thermos Dag and Thermos Nacht are multi-floored, immaculate, and beautifully maintained. As the names suggest, one is for daytime hours and the other for night. Each bathhouse fills an entire building, four or more floors, and has the usual amenities like dry saunas, steam rooms, showers, condoms and safe sex materials in four or five languages, porno videos, lots of small rooms for those who want privacy, and a real bar with drinks and snacks. (One charges for drinks and snacks at the bar to one's locker number and pays on the way out, which I always thought very

civilized.) The day sauna also has a sun deck on the roof for those who like it *al fresco*.

I've never had a bad time at the baths in Amsterdam — Dutch men being as handsome as they are friendly — and I always manage to work in a visit to one or the other Thermos every time I'm in Amsterdam. The sex there is always hot, especially on Monday afternoons. No one knows why this is so, but Mondays have traditionally been the best day for the baths in Amsterdam since time immemorial. I only know that I always find some very hot action there on an otherwise quiet afternoon, no matter the weather or time of year. The Dutch baths are my gold standard — the means by which all others are measured.

I've also been to baths and sex clubs in other parts of Europe. Only in Switzerland are they as clean, and no where in my travels so far have they matched the baths in Amsterdam in size or sexual heat. This is partly, no doubt, because Amsterdam is the only place in Europe where sex is treated so matter of factly. Swiss men can be very hot sex, for instance, but are so shy that it's at times hard to get them started. Painfully discreet, they rarely make a first move, no matter how clearly they are being signaled. A prolonged cat and mouse game can precede sex, leading to a lot of missed cues and frustrated first tries. The effort though, is usually worth the end results. Once they get over their shyness and cut loose, Swiss men can fuck like nobody's business.

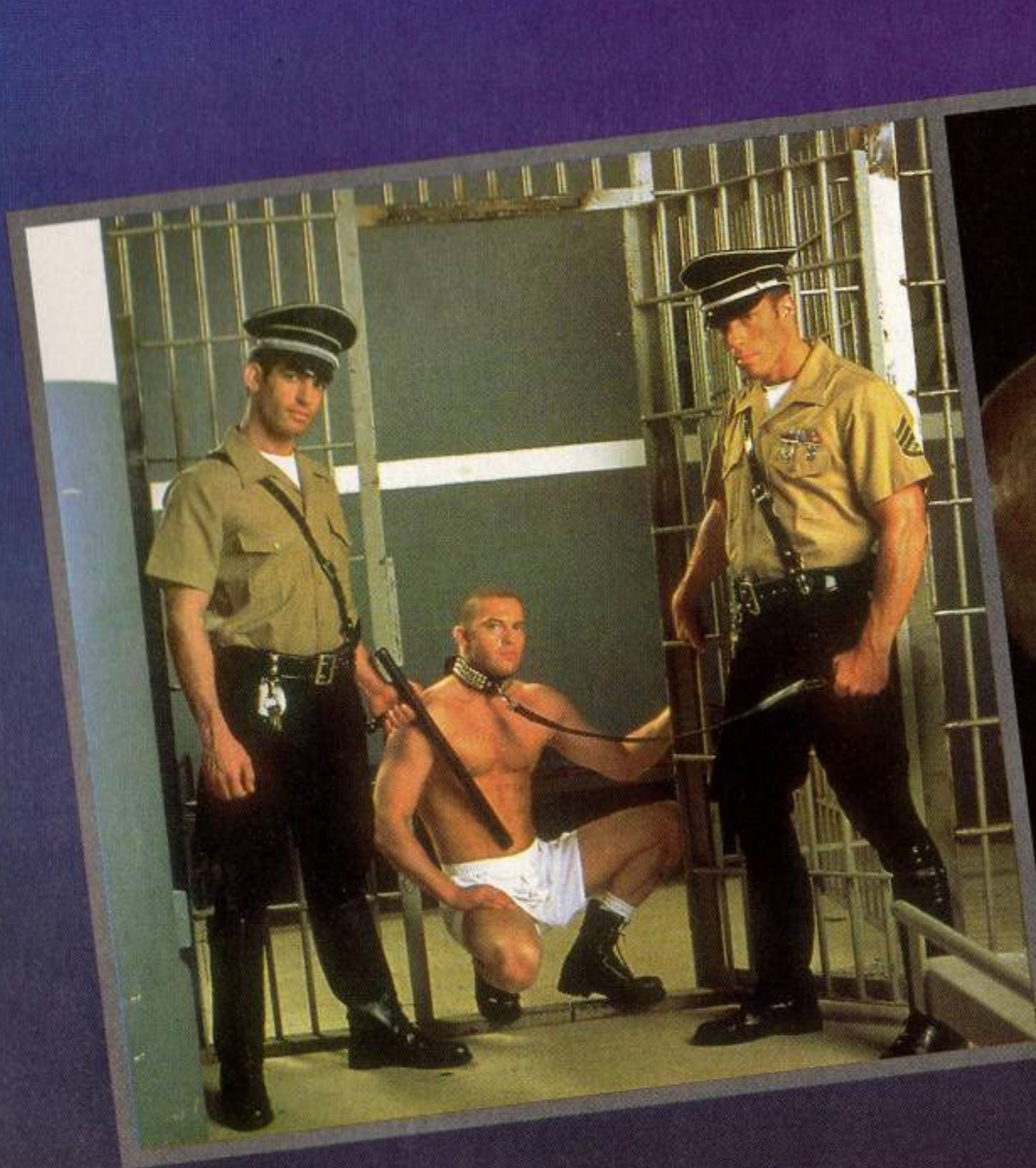
The British, on the other hand, being as fiercely private as one might expect, will still congregate into a single mob for group sex. No matter how large the orgy room, they will all cling to each other like something akin to a coral reef, a living structure made from many single organisms. Being in the center of such an orgy can be hot (in

both senses of the word) but frustrating if one wants to move in any direction, or even leave the crowd to get a breath of fresh air. It is not for the claustrophobic. When the time comes, though, I always manage to extricate myself from the crowd and get to the bar. Getting back into the mass of male bodies, however, can be even more a problem than getting out.

Unlike Americans, though, the British are less prone to chat after anonymous sex, even skipping the usual niceties such as introductions after orgasm. They are not so much adverse to it, though, as unused to the idea. While they sometimes seemed startled when I approached them to chat after sex, they were always eager to hear about life in San Francisco once I'd properly introduced myself.

Baths in Australia, on the other hand have a certain seediness that I've always enjoyed. Dimly lit, clean but never pristine, they lack the civilized air of the baths in Amsterdam, and are more like their American counterparts in this regard — but always a good time. Australian men are nothing if not friendly, and unlike anywhere else I've been, the men will always stop to talk before and after sex, as anxious to interact socially as sexually. In many ways, they are mid-way between being British and American, capable of being slightly prudish at times, but just as casual about sex as men in the States often are.

When the baths closed in San Francisco in the mid-eighties, I knew it was the end of an era, an era that was already, quite literally dying around me. While there are still baths houses in Oakland and San Jose, and a variety of sex clubs have emerged over the last five or six years in San Francisco, it will never be the same again. Only in Amsterdam, where the transition to safer sex was so seamless, is there any hint of the glory that once was. ■



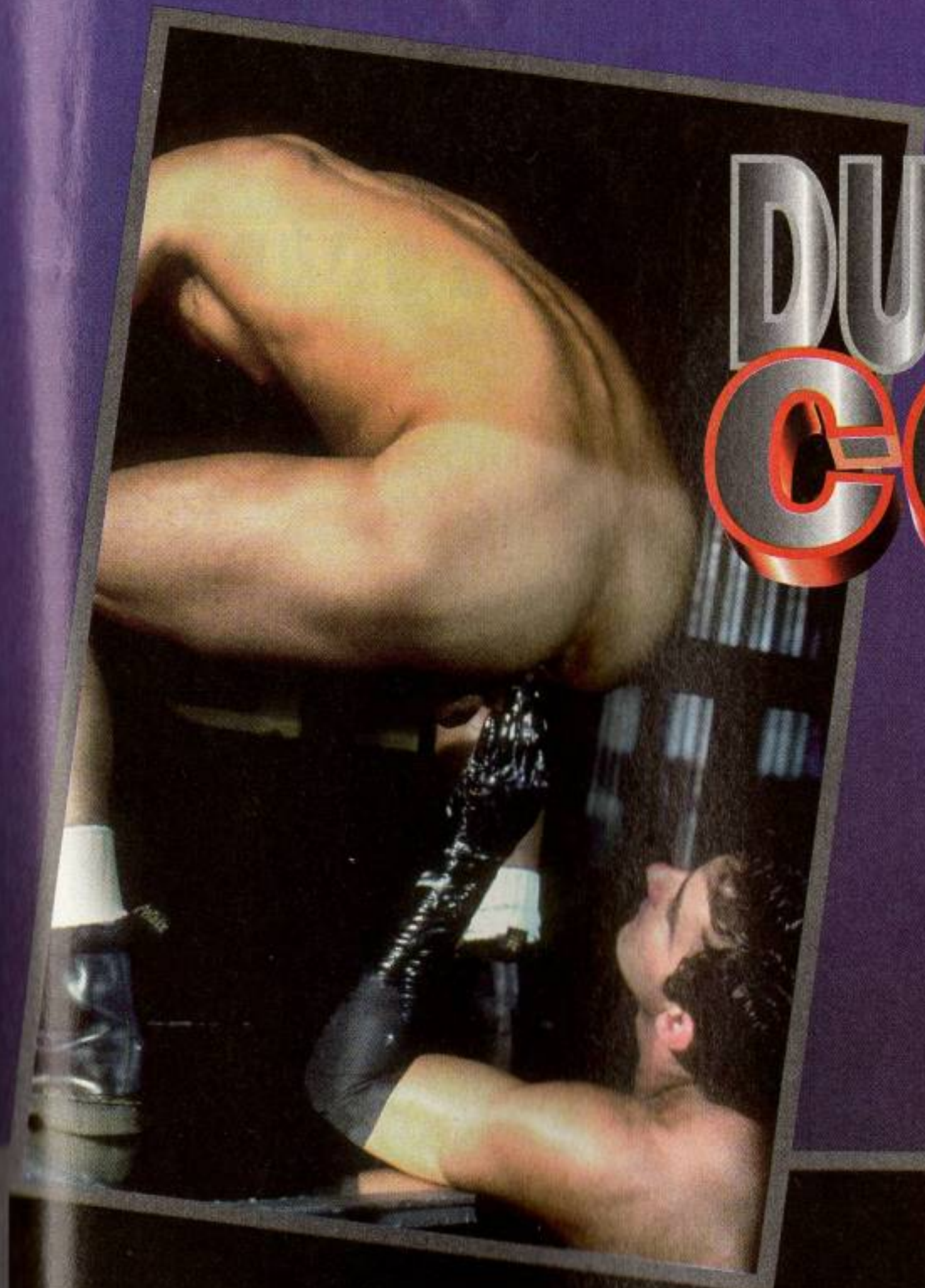
DUNGEON GOPS

Photos by Falcon Studios





DUNGEON COPS



OVER AND UNDER

by Scott O'Hara

Let me describe for you a brief encounter, barely a snippet of a scenario. I was at a sex party recently – a regular event, not so much a sex-club as just a group of casual acquaintances who get together and talk and touch and fuck, a very relaxed and friendly event, with all types of men – and I had been enjoying myself immensely for a couple of hours and was thinking it was time to go home ...when I wandered into a room and saw two men having sex. To be more specific, what I saw was one man's back – a very handsome, muscular back – and the top half of the other man's face, sticking out from under the first guy's ass. He was obviously having a grand old time, chowing down on asshole. One of my favorite things, too; I stuck around to watch. After a few seconds, the guy underneath (let's just call him Under) noticed me; his eyes looked up at me, and there was a frantic look in them that wasn't easy to interpret, given that I didn't know the man and couldn't see the rest of his face. But one thing I was certain of: he was lost in ecstasy. I would've been, too, in his position.

Both men were beating off; Over never looked back to see me, I don't think he knew I was there, but Under's eyes stayed glued on me. My dick wasn't hard (it seldom is, these days) but I was intensely turned on, and I was flogging it, trying for some reaction. Under occasionally reached up with one hand to pry Over's buttocks apart, so he could get his tongue even further inside. I saw my place. I moved forward, knelt down so my dick was flopping over Under's forehead, and used both hands to pull Over's cheeks apart. Over was clearly

surprised at feeling another pair of hands, but he didn't protest; he looked around, then went back to what he was doing – and began

moaning even louder, as he felt tongue get into uncharted territory. Under was getting pretty excited. What is it about this si-



scenario that gets me so hot? I don't rightly know. I fall back on my old standby: enthusiasm. These guys weren't faking it. Not that I'm implying most guys do; but from what I could see of these two, they were both in a state of total frenzy. The kind of intensity that leaves me shaking with lust ... and speechless with awe.

I wasn't sure how far I should push it. Sometimes a third person, added to an intense two-way, just distracts the participants, you know? And I really didn't want to do that. But I thought I'd go one step further. Still holding Over's cheeks apart, I leaned further down and began licking down his ass-crack. (And a fine, muscular butt it was, too, I should add!) Both of them started moaning real loud at this point. After a few seconds, I got down to where Under's tongue was lapping away at that wide-open pink butthole, and although it wasn't the easiest thing to do, I managed to get mine right up next to it, and we swapped some spit.

That's when they both came. I felt some serious tremors in Over's ass; Under groaned and convulsed. (God, that's a nice image: convulsing in orgasm, while your face is being held down by a muscular butt that won't let go.) I kept lapping away, as Under wriggled out from under. He may have been suffocating. I can think of worse fates.

That about wrapped it up. Orgasm clearly wasn't on my menu for the evening; but I'd gotten a pretty serious charge out of that brief contact. Under stood up; we exchanged hugs and some body-rubbing; they went off to shower. I decided it was time to go home, before the warm glow could dissipate. Sometimes it doesn't take much, you know? Just a few seconds licking a fine butt, a shared intensity, some body-stroking ... somehow they add up into something that many people (especially the marriage-minded) wouldn't expect. Intimacy. I don't know these guys' names (though I had seen one of them before, occasionally), but the warmth that I felt

towards them, the shock of pleasure and sharing that I felt when my tongue wrapped around his, can't be described any other way. This is what I mean when I talk about casual sex.

For contrast ... well, what could be more contrasting than a Committed Relationship? I'll go back to a time I'd rather forget: a time when I was pretending to be lovers with a man who believed in monogamy. Please don't expect objectivity; the memory of this relationship still sends chills down my spine, and I don't mean that in a good way. This relationship was the perfect opposite of the scenario described above: continuous sex, but no intimacy. When he would rub himself off on my stomach, or between my legs, I felt like a blow-up doll: as if I were not really there at all. And when he would start to suck my dick, trying to turn me on - even though I'd made clear to him that I didn't like having my dick sucked, and had no interest in getting off with him - I began to understand what women mean when they talk about their feeling of violation after having been raped. No, he didn't do me any damage; but the revulsion I came to feel for him - and, by extension, for the sex acts he performed on me - stays with me even today.

Many of you, I'm sure, are shaking your heads in puzzlement, wondering why I allowed this relationship to continue as long as I did. Suffice to say that there were reasons, but from today's perspective I would have to call myself certifiably insane. The simplest answer is to say that I had allowed myself to be hoodwinked, deluded into the popular societal notion that intimacy can only be found in a long-term monogamous relationship; and since I wanted intimacy in my life, I allowed this Lover-From-Hell to have his way with me.

Life teaches us these lessons. It takes some of us longer than others to wise up.

The highlight of this relationship came one night when I told him I was exhausted, and needed to get

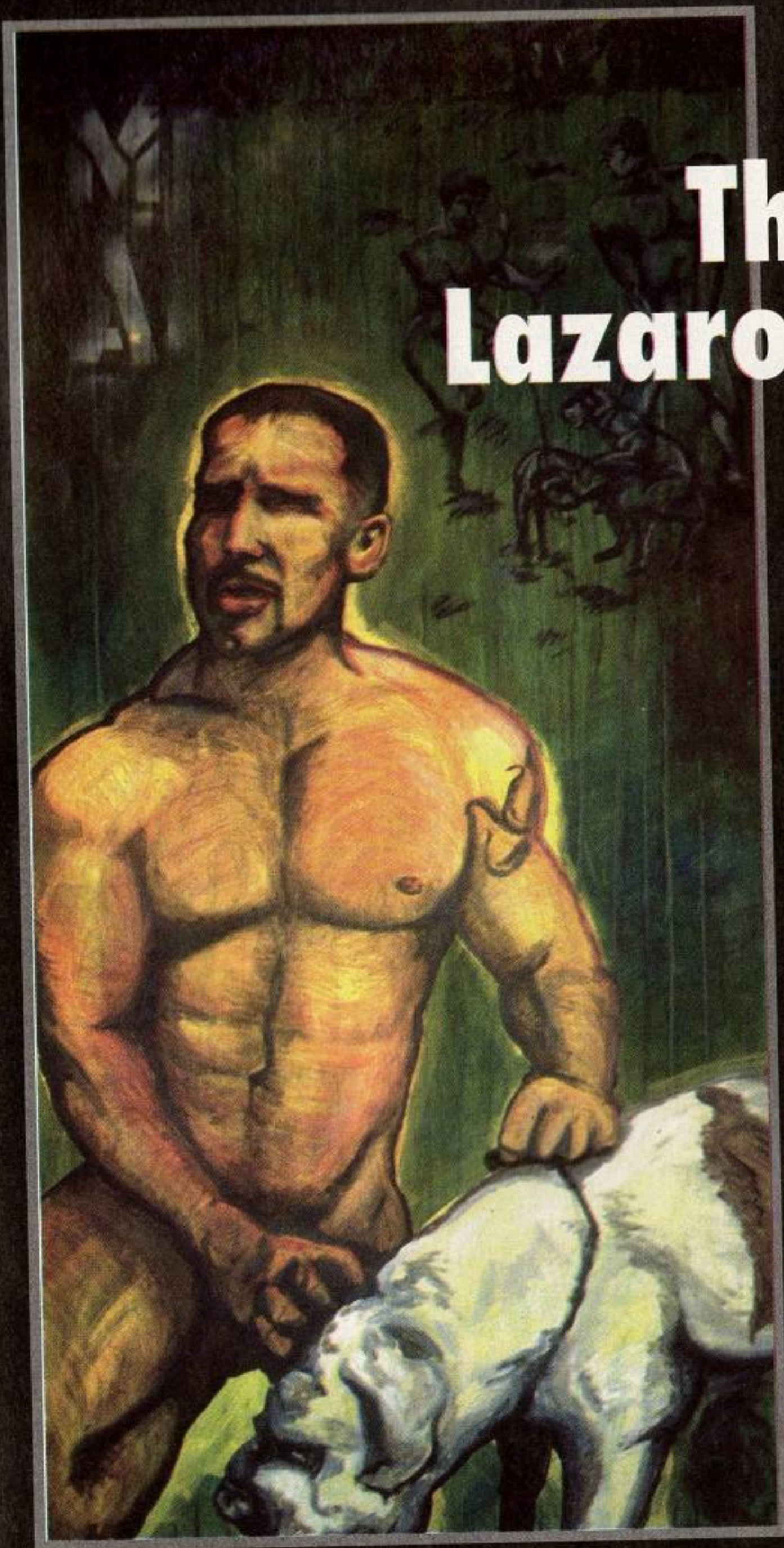
my sleep. I woke up sometime later to discover his mouth attached to my dick. I don't think I'd been asleep long. I didn't quite know how to react. I pretended to still be asleep. He kept sucking. I rolled over. He moved over to my other side and continued. In retrospect, it seems incredible to me that I didn't just brain the fucker. It's hard for me to imagine anyone being this insensitive: kind of like the persistent shape who follows you around the halls of a bathhouse for hours on end, endlessly groping you no matter how many times you politely remove his hand. The fact is, there are times when I wish I hadn't been raised to be so polite.

Eventually, I gave up and lay back, since there was no detaching the leech at my crotch: I allowed him to suck me off. It took an eternity. As stated, being sucked is not very arousing to me. And then, when I thought I could finally get back to sleep ... yes, of course he had to get off, too.

A man like this could make me want to swear off sex forever. Fortunately, there are other kinds of men in the world. Men like Over & Under, men who know the meaning of the word intimacy. Oh, it may not have occurred to those two that they were having "intimate" sex; that's my own description, not theirs. But that's what it was, and seeing interactions like that helps to wash away the slime that still sometimes seems to be clinging to my dick.

As I walked out of that sex party, still glowing, I saw a man tied down on a leather-covered table. It wasn't primarily an S/M party, but there was enough equipment to allow most any sort of play. He'd had hot wax dripped all over his chest and stomach; he was lying there, eyes closed, breathing deeply. As I walked by, I ran my fingers lightly over his tender skin, and his body jumped. His eyes opened, he looked at me, and I smiled at him, nodding in approval. Then I left. ■

The Art of Lazaro Amaral





HOT STEAMY ACTION IN AMSTERDAM



PHOTOS: JAN BLANKENSTEIN

Fabrice van den Bossche (France), winner of the 1996 Mr. Drummer Europe Contest

MR. DRUMMER EUROPE IS CHOSEN

During the first days of November, leather men throughout Europe and the United States converged in Amsterdam for the Mr. Drummer Europe '96 contest. Drawing standing-room-only crowds, Mr. Drummer Europe was the grand finale to Amsterdam's first-ever Amsterdam Leather Pride, an event that sponsored parties throughout the city's leather district. Well-known Amsterdam bars, the Argos, the Eagle, Dirty Dicks and the Cockring participated.

Mr. Drummer Europe contestants, hailing from Italy, Switzerland, Holland, France, Sweden, England, and Belgium spent the days before the big event participating in interviews, rehearsing their fantasies and honing their speeches. The highlight of the contest was the jammed-packed Friday night competition. Contestant

fantasies ranged from hard-core sex acts, including fucking, bondage and whipping, to a crowd-pleasing opera performed by Massimo Paccagnella, the Italian contestant. An additional crowd-pleaser was the public judging of the fantasies performed by the four international judges who were perched on Olympic-style high chairs. In between the good-natured booing and hissing directed at the judges, Master of Ceremonies Frank Norwicki orchestrated what most reported as a good, hot, horny time.

The winner of the Mr. Drummer Europe '96 title was Fabrice van den Bossche of France who is also a photographer for *Projet X*, the infamous French SM publication. First runner up was Luke of Belgium, followed by second runner up Stephan Viviers of Holland. Bossche was later interviewed on Amsterdam's gay/lesbian radio show where

he talked about the variety of fetishes which dominate the European men's SM scene.

A weekend of play parties, bars, rooms and bar-sponsored jack-off followed the Mr. Drummer contest. An open-to-all club meeting sponsored by Motor Sportclub of Amsterdam, closed Amsterdam Leather Pride.

Two non-profit organizations, Homo Buddy Project, an Amsterdam-based AIDS assistance organization for gay men and Countdown/Spinner/The Spinner Trust, an organization that defends and supports fifteen gay men convicted in England for engaging in consensual SM, the beneficiaries of this year's Amsterdam Leather Pride.

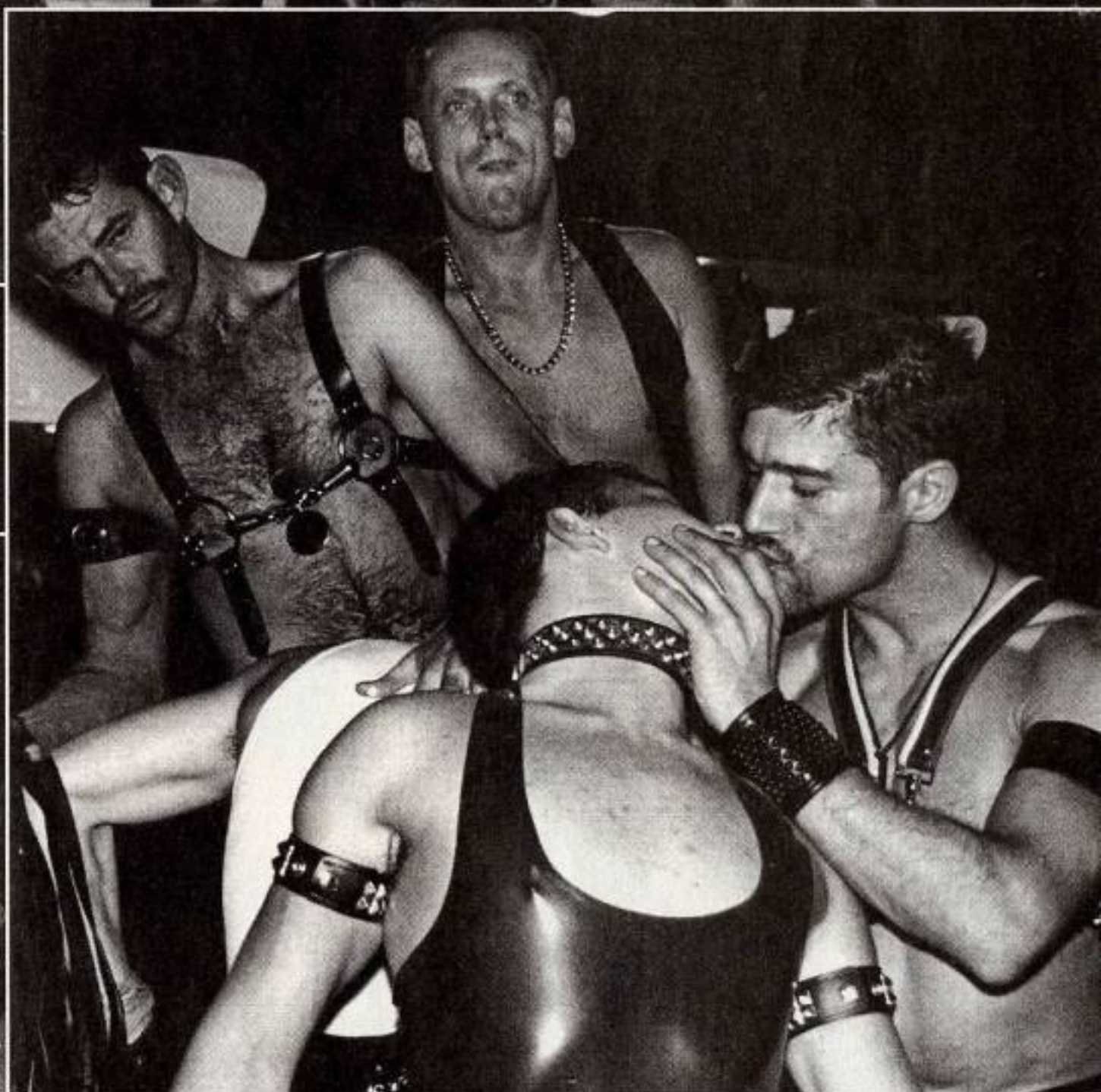
For a sleazy report on Mr. Drummer Europe Contest, Kellan Farshea's non-fiction story on page 75. ■



Above: Opening performance by contestants at the Mr. Drummer Europe contest. Kneeling in front, Chip (England), standing to his right Ivan Della Morte (The Netherlands) and Massimo Paccagnella (Italy)



Left to right: Stephan Viviers (Holland), second runner up; Fabrice van den Bossche (France), winner Mr. Drummer Europe; Luke (Belgium), first runner up

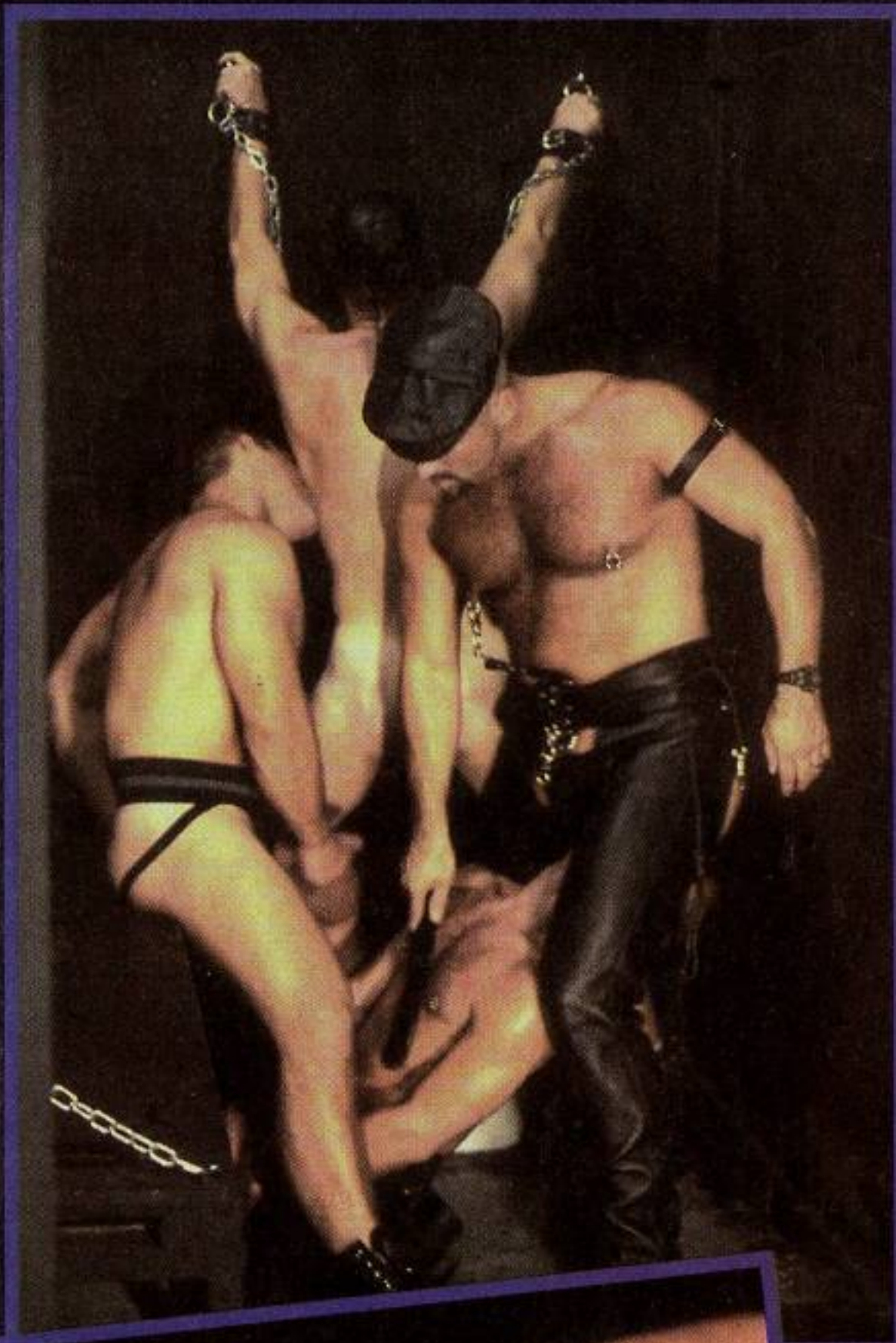
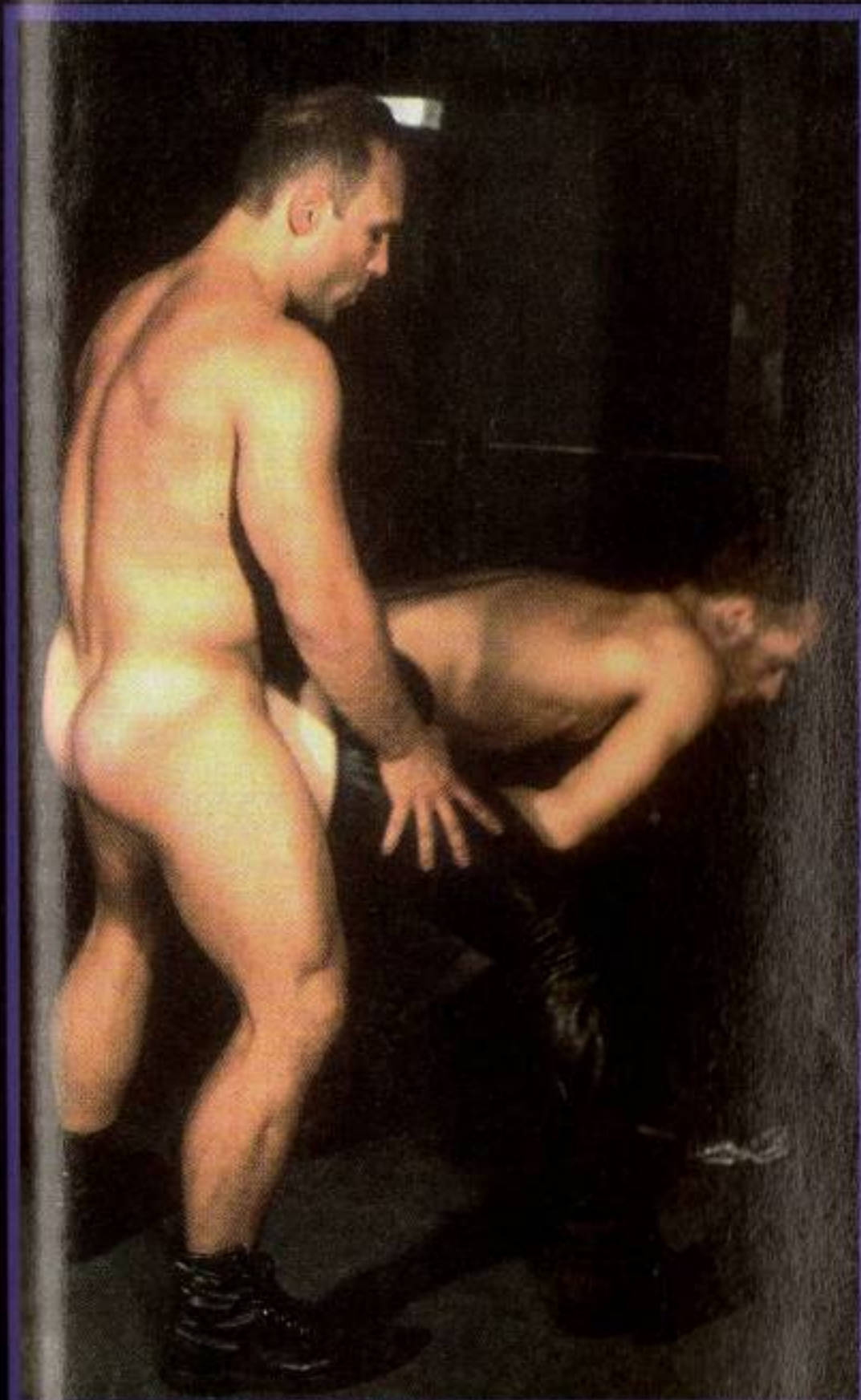


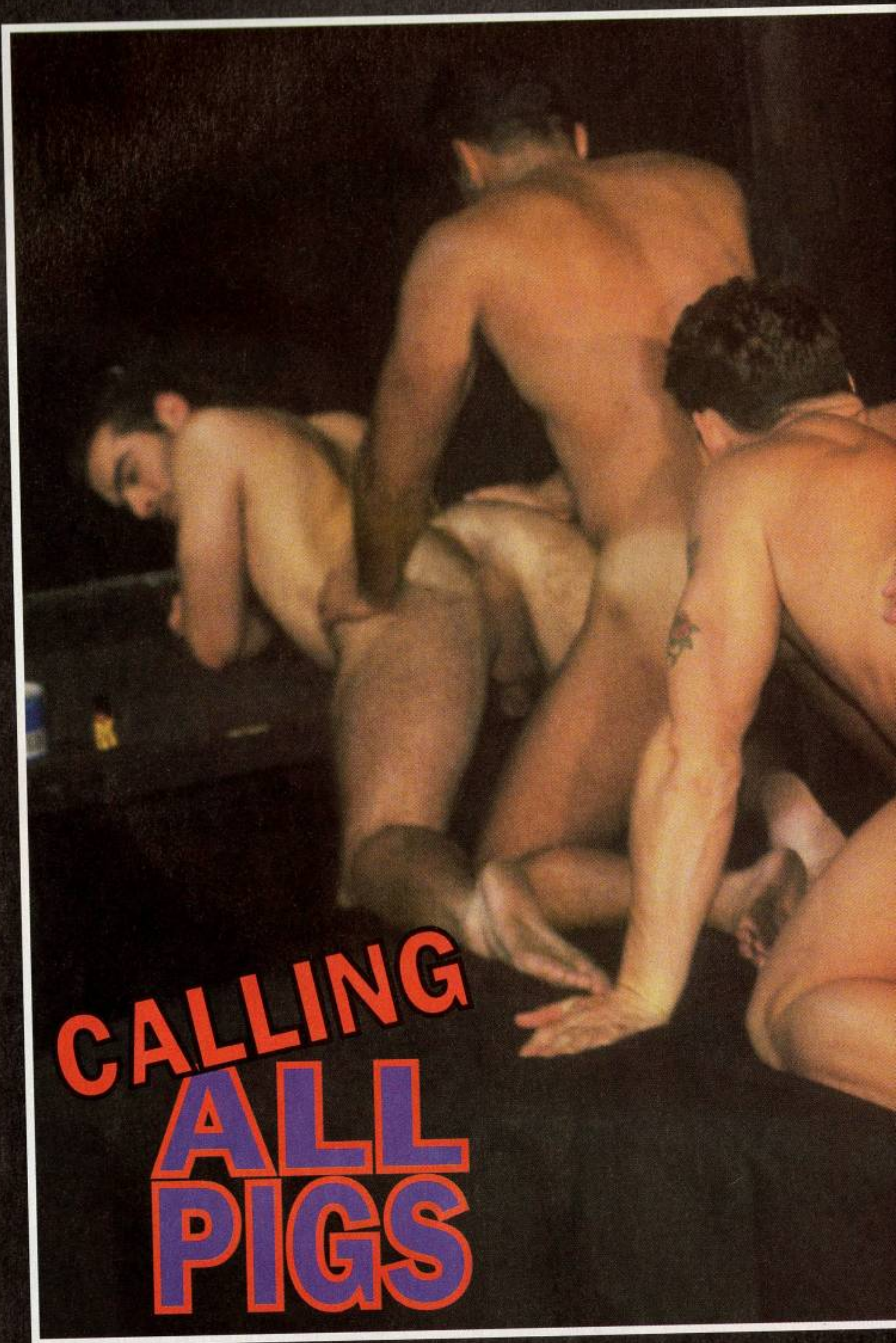
Opening performance. Back left: first runner up Stephan Viviers (Holland); front kneeling: Chip (England); to his right: MC Soulwind (Switzerland)



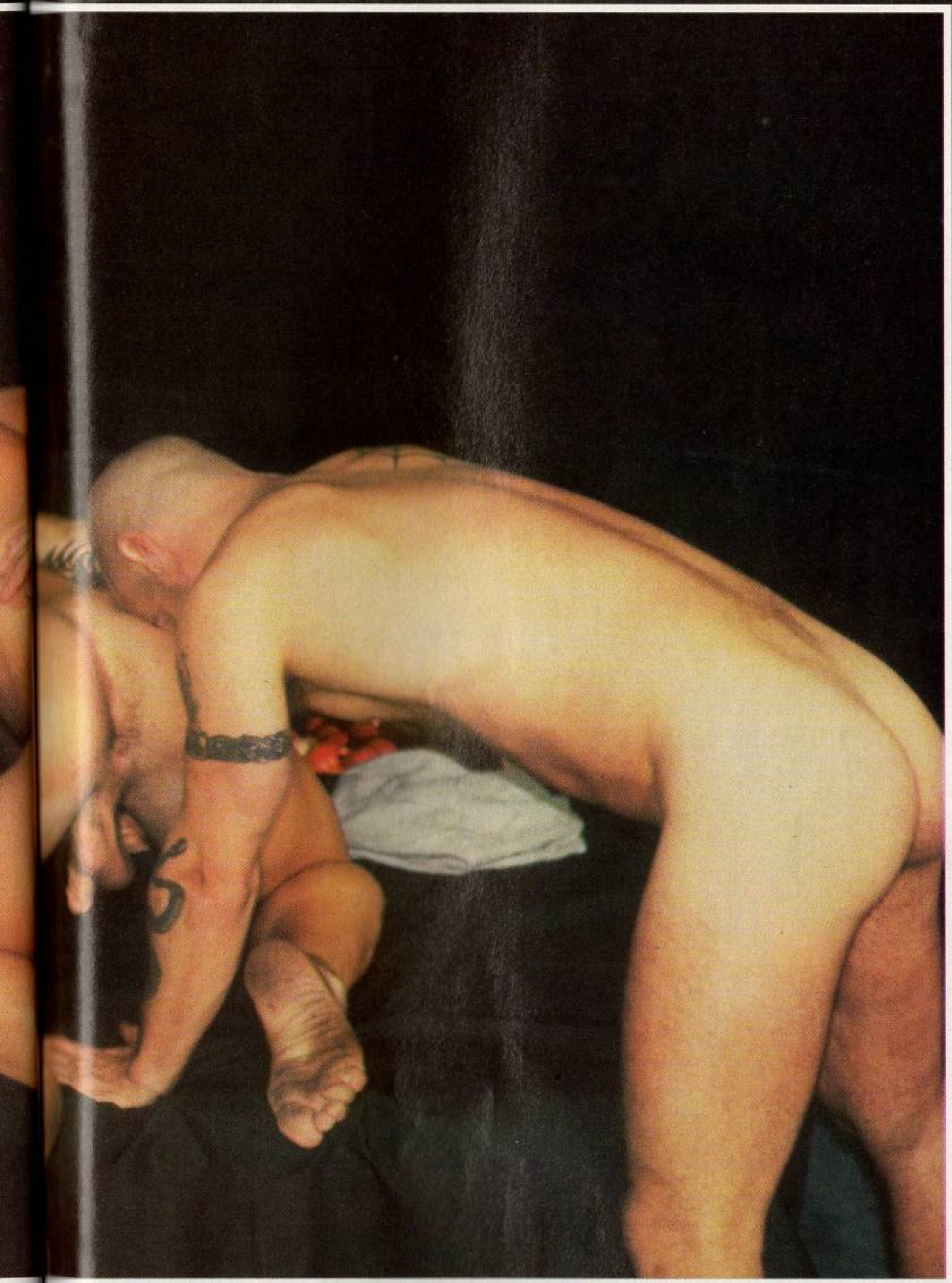
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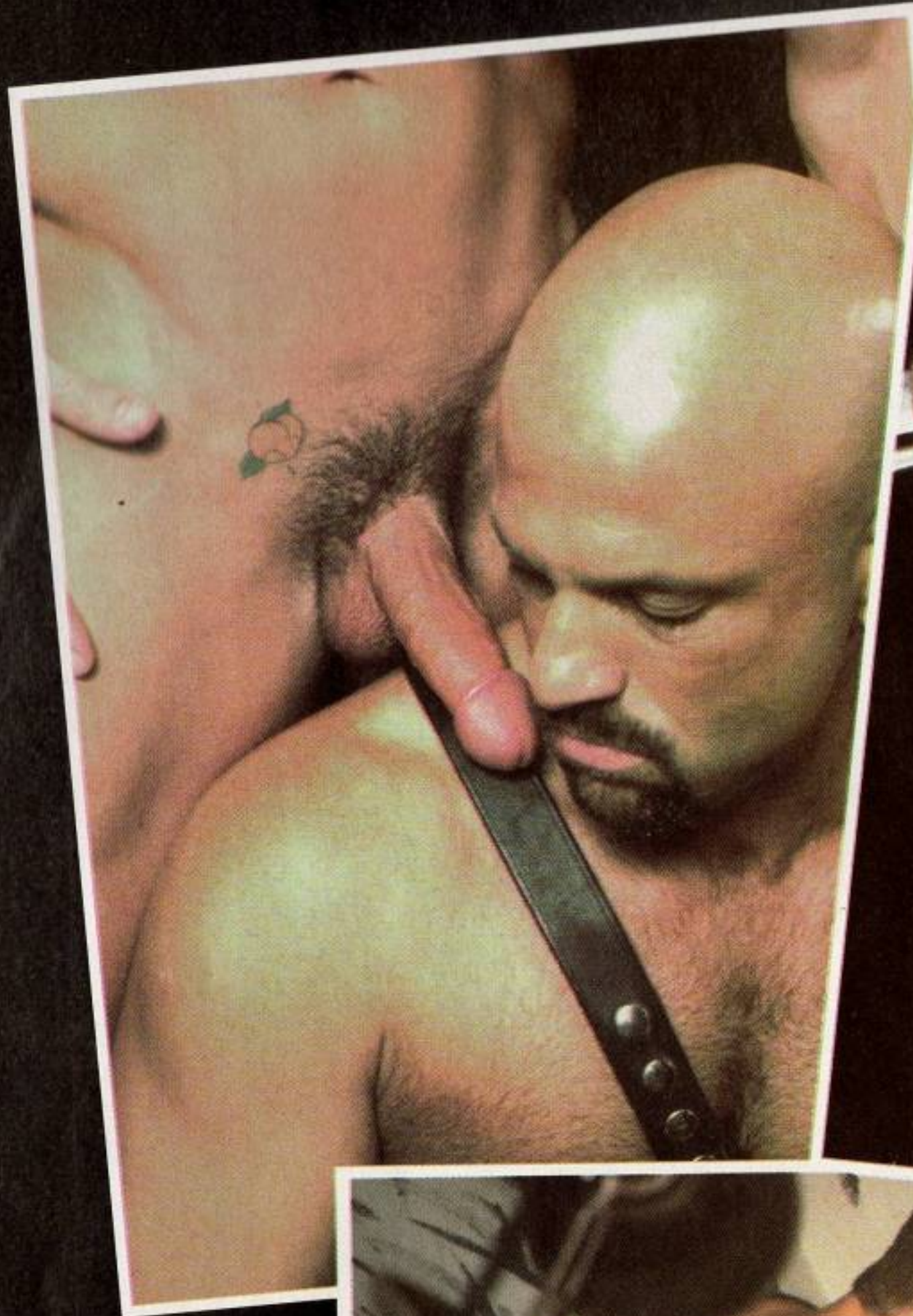
Photos from Handball Marathon 3 by Pig Play Productions



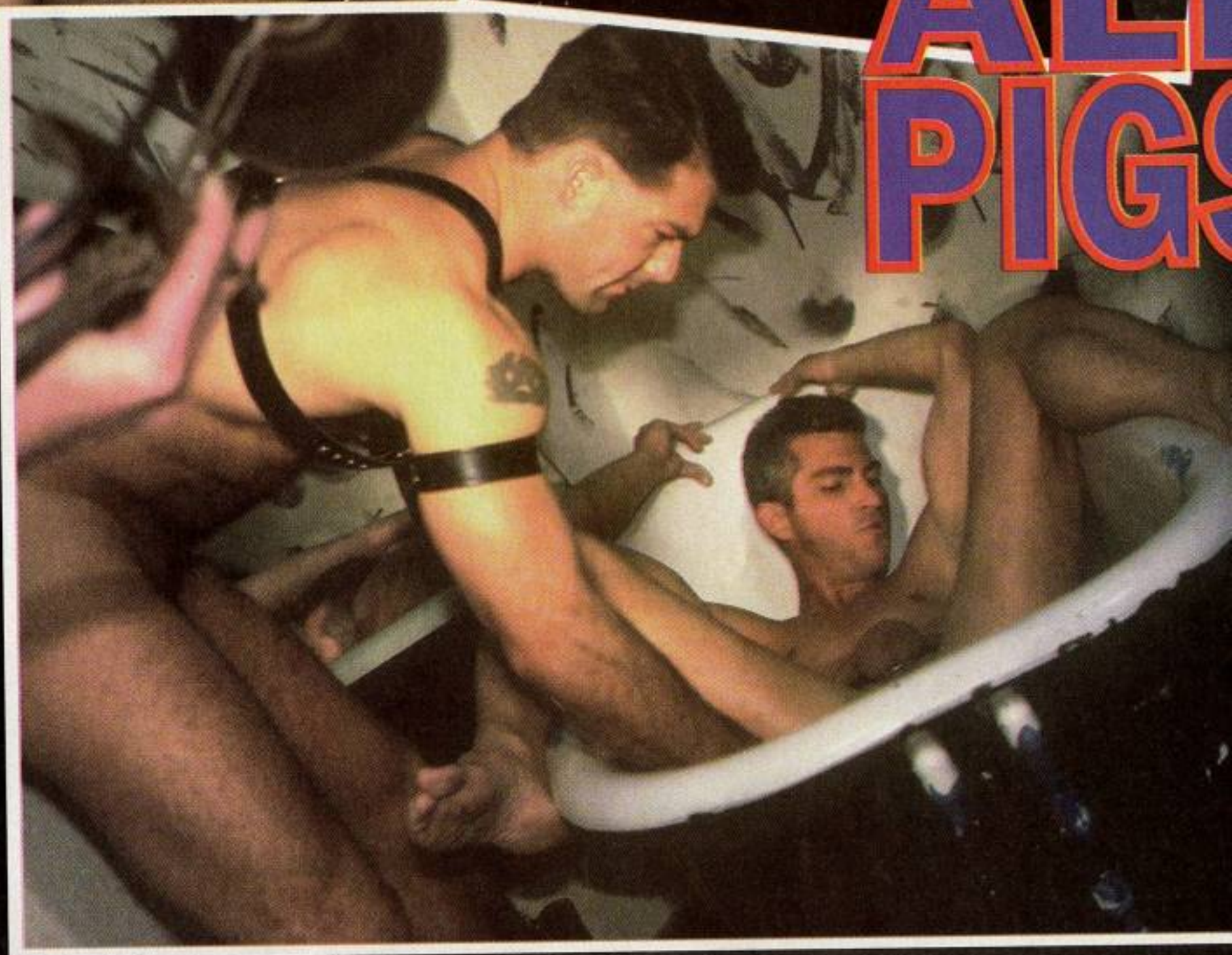


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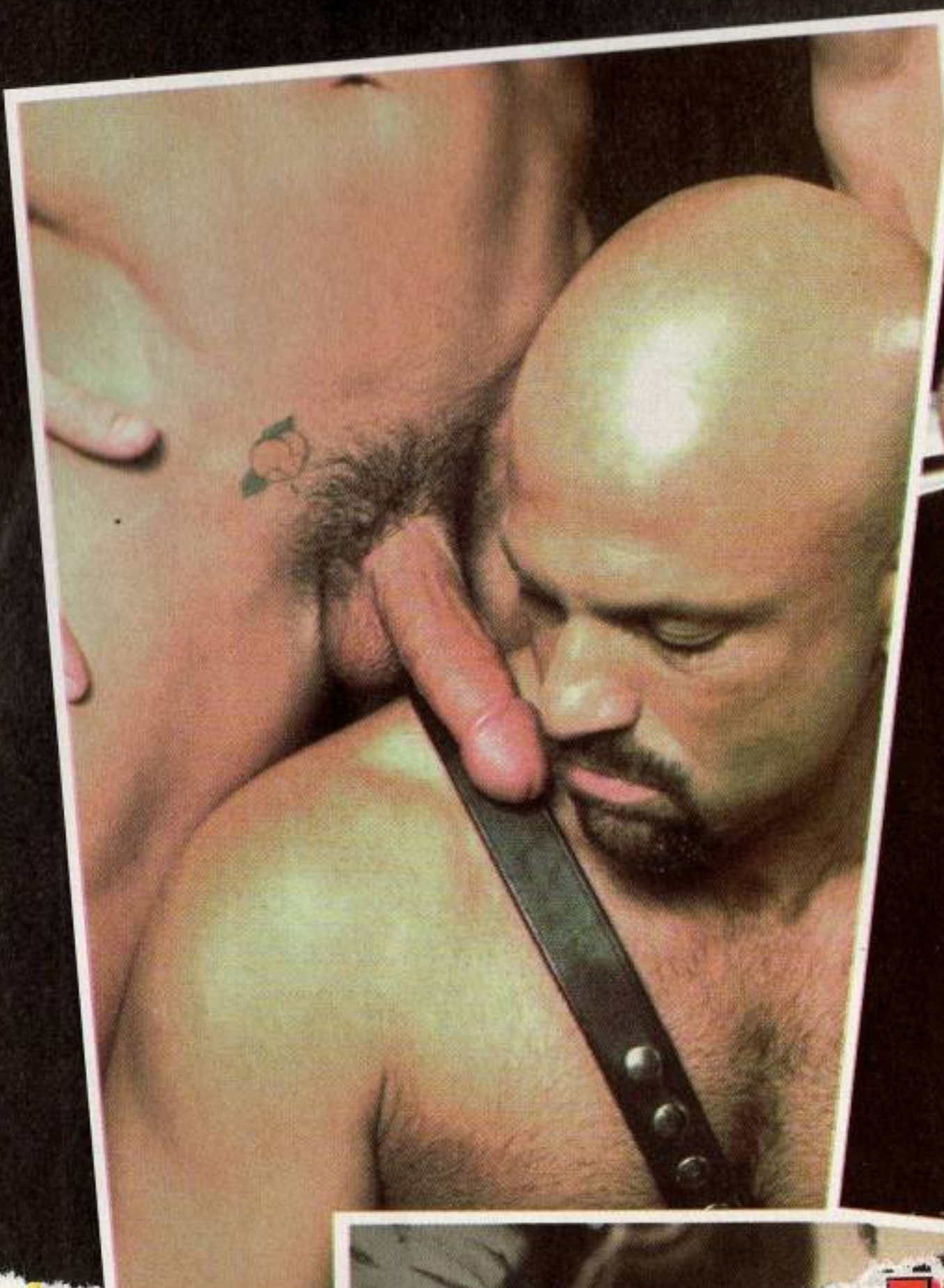
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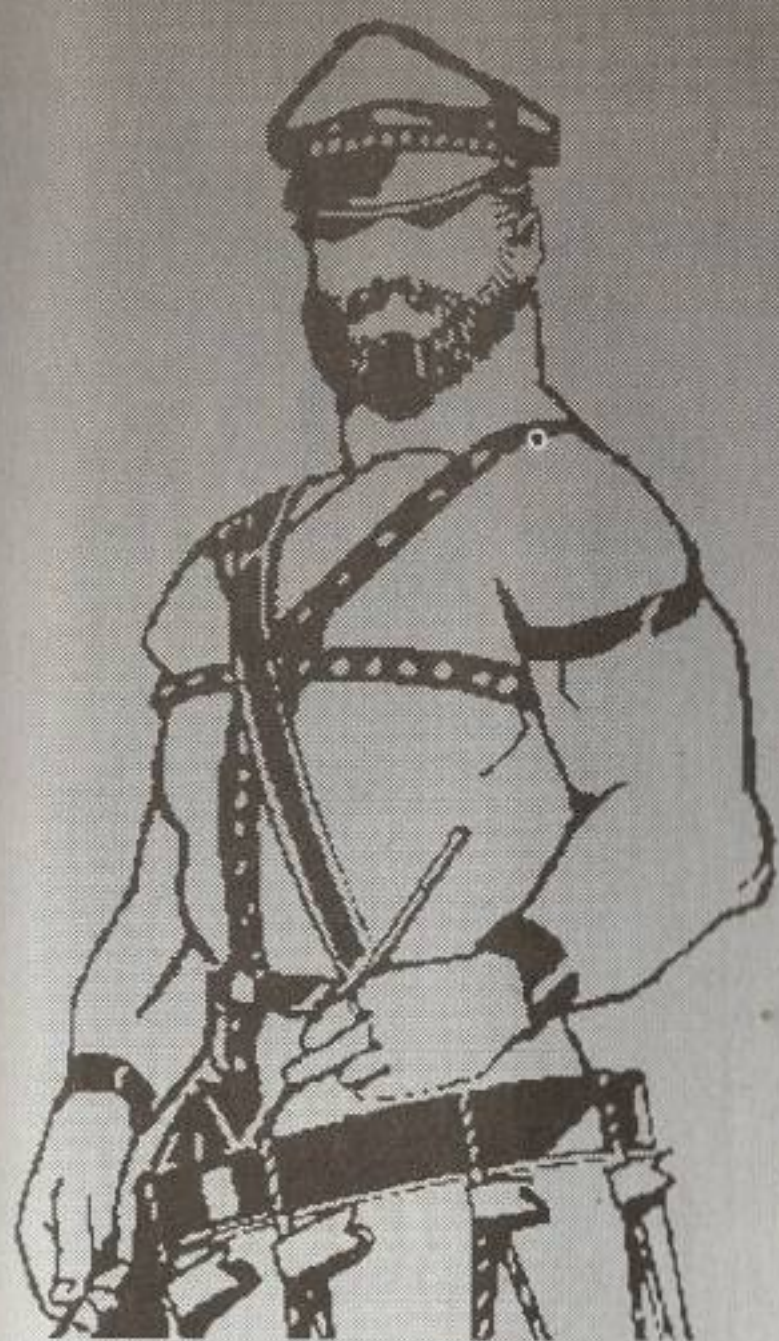
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DRUMBEAT

Sex Scores One

NEW YORK & SAN FRANCISCO

While New York proceeds to crack down on commercial sex clubs, San Francisco is undertaking steps to make them legitimate enterprises by licensing them to operate.

The New York City Health Department continued its crackdown on sex clubs with the forced closure of The Attic and The Maze. Both clubs were cited for violations that included allowing prohibited sexual acts. The city's health department has closed at least a dozen establishments in the past two years. Those that have been permitted to remain open adhere to strict policy that forbids both anal and oral sex, with or without a condom. Meanwhile in San

Francisco, a measure will soon come before the city's Board of Supervisors to license commercial sex clubs. If, as is likely, the legislation is passed, it would mark the first time in the United States, and perhaps the world, a jurisdiction officially recognized the right of sex clubs to operate.

Tom Ammiano, one of three gay or lesbian members of the city's 12-member Board of Supervisors, introduced a measure that is intended not to stop sex in the clubs but to require that management and staff of individual establishments "take reasonable steps to prevent or stop patrons from engaging in

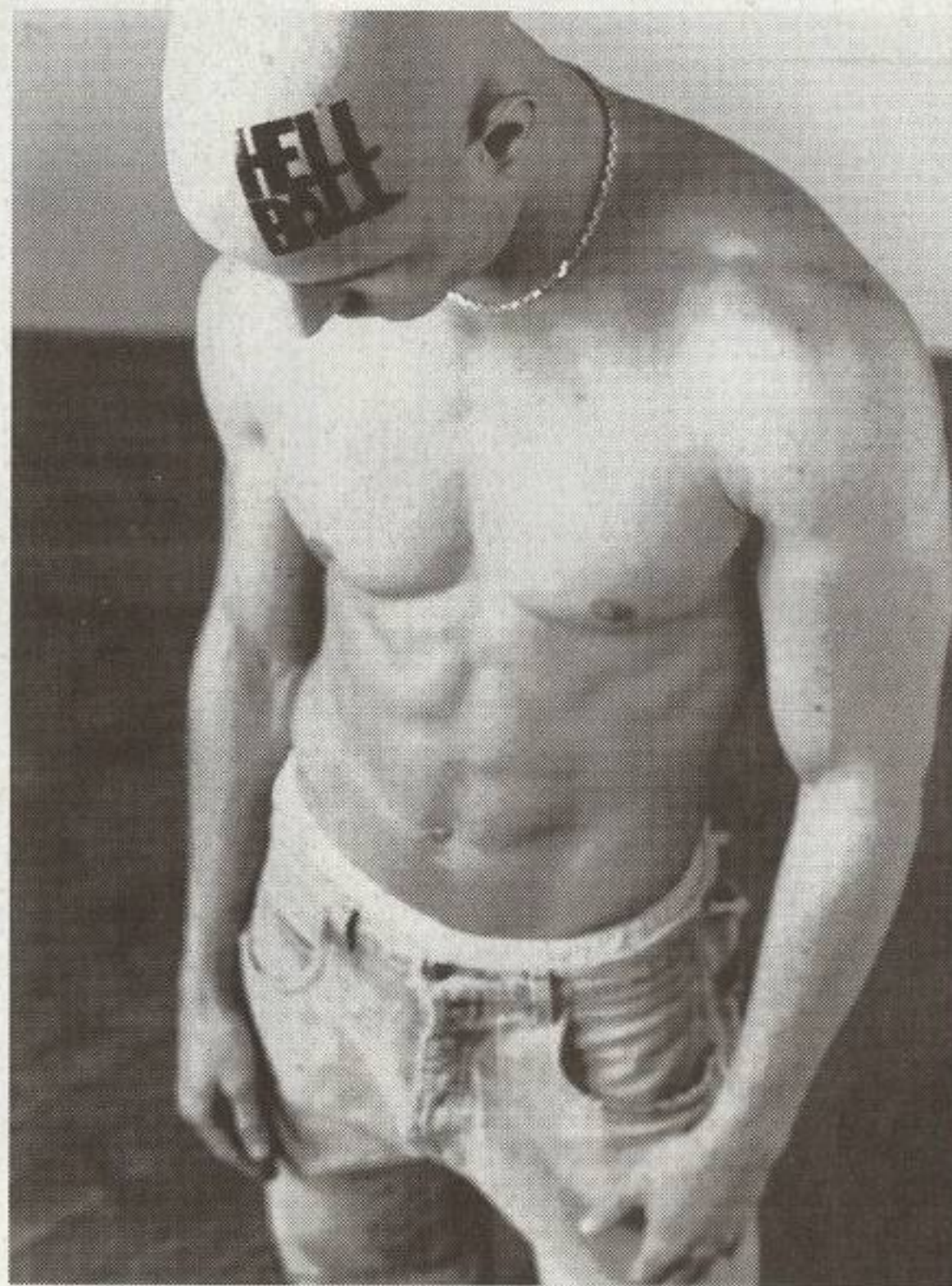


PHOTO: KAREN STEFFANS

Falling into step with San Francisco's history of infamous Halloween celebrations, Pacific Action and Resource Council, a non-profit events organizer, sponsored Hell Ball, a Halloween costume party that drew over 2,000 gay men and lesbians. Proceeds for Hell Ball, which was filmed by QTV, go to Continuum, a non-profit organization serving San Francisco's gay and HIV affected communities.

activities that can spread the [HIV] virus or other diseases."


The emphasis in the regulation would be on "reasonable steps." These steps could include: signs stating patrons will be ousted for engaging in unsafe sex along with adherence by staff and management to that edict; regular monitoring of activities; posters and literature listing safe, unsafe and possibly unsafe activities; free condoms; and lighting levels that ensure all activities could be wit-

nessed by other patrons and monitors. A sex club would not be expected to monitor every patron at every moment and would not automatically lose its license if patrons occasionally engage in unsafe sex, only if there is consistent failure to observe guidelines.

The regulations would not outlaw oral or anal sex, and activities such as fisting, bondage and whipping would also be allowed as long as proper precautions are observed. The measure also recognizes there are gray areas

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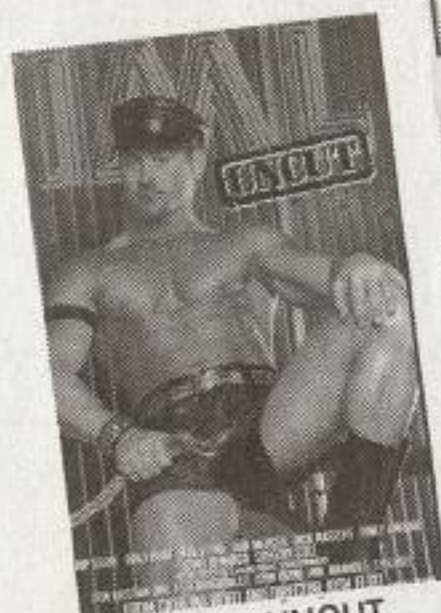


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when it comes to defining safe sex.

Perhaps the most revolutionary statement in the legislation is the recognition that sex clubs can play a role in educating people about the spread of HIV and preventing its transmission. The measure states, "When properly operated, commercial sex clubs assist, rather than impede, the city's efforts to control the spread of AIDS, as well as other sexually transmitted diseases."

Ammiano developed the legislation in conjunction with Dr. Mitchell Katz, director of epidemiology, disease control and AIDS for the city's Department of Health. Members of the public will be allowed to give their input before the legislation moves to a vote of the board, probably in late December or early in 1997.

Challenge to Law Restraining Internet GEORGIA

The American Civil Liberties Union and 13 other plaintiffs filed suit in federal court against the State of Georgia challenging the constitutionality of a new Georgia law that can make it a crime to communicate anonymously on the Internet and to use trademarks and logos without permission. The law imposes a penalty of up to a year in jail and



The show stopper at Hell Ball '96 was the devil consuming a hunky angel at the 2am staging — it was one hell of a show. Photo: David Meanix

\$1,000 in fines.

Eleven states have passed laws that attempt to regulate Internet communications in various ways. Opponents charge that since the Internet is global rather than local, single jurisdictions have no right to impose rules that infringe on the behavior of people outside that jurisdiction.

AOL Adds Leather Section CYBERSPACE

A leather section was added in October to the Gay and Lesbian Community Forum of America Online. Called Leather onQ, the section includes a message board, chat room and a library of information. Among the message board folders are discus-

sions regarding role switching, negotiating scenes, slave contracts, various fetishes and numerous other topics. The library includes member-placed GIFs and WAVs, a national calendar of events for the following month and even a master/slave contract. The chat room is known as the onQ Dungeon and includes discussions of whatever topics members choose to bring up. Every Tuesday from 10 to 11 p.m. Eastern time, there is a BDSM topic chat. To reach the forum, keyword in leather or onQ Leather.

Mr. Internet Leather CYBERSPACE

You're too late to enter for the 1997 title, but you might want to get

yourself prepared for the 1998 Mr. Internet Leather contest. The title is awarded for the best personal and sponsored home pages based on appearance, content, leather image and community outreach. Groups and organizations as well as individuals may enter the contest as long as a group sponsors an individual. The individual sponsored must be mentioned on the group's home page along with a description of the person and an explanation why he was chosen to be sponsored. The 1997 winner will be announced online Jan. 3. To enter, email your name, email address and URL home page to MrIntrLthr@aol.com. You can browse the contest website at

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Don't Leave Home Without a Fetish

SAN FRANCISCO

Oblivion Magazine has introduced *Fetish*, a map and guide to the kinky side of San Francisco. Aimed primarily but not exclusively at gay men, the two-page oversize publication lists stores, clubs, bars, play spaces, piercing and tattoo parlors and other venues of interest to those who want to experience the more radical aspects of local gay life. *Fetish* is updated monthly and provided for free at many gay establishments. Anyone planning to visit the city can order copies at \$3.50 per map by writing to Oblivion Magazine at 519 Castro St., #24, San Francisco CA 94114 or calling (415) 487-5498.

Leather Posters Available

WEST HOLLYWOOD

Chaotic Publishing has released a limited edition gallery poster of an image from a forthcoming photography book entitled *Link*. The signed poster, 250 of which are available, is the first of three the company plans to issue in advance of the book.

The publisher describes *Link* as a photo essay featuring the art and fashion of leather for men. The photographer is 33-year-old Kevin Scott Hees, whose work has appeared in national and international fashion magazines.



Hot, hairy men and hard bodies were everywhere at the Folsom Street Fair



Love was in the air at Hell Ball '96. Photo: David Meanix

Hees says the book looks at both the dark and light sides of the leather lifestyle. He refers to the models as "prophets

of pleasure."

To order a poster or reserve a copy of *Link*, which itself will be published in a limited edition,

write to Chaotic Publishing, 8205 Santa Monica Blvd., Box 1-465, West Hollywood, CA 90046-5912. ■

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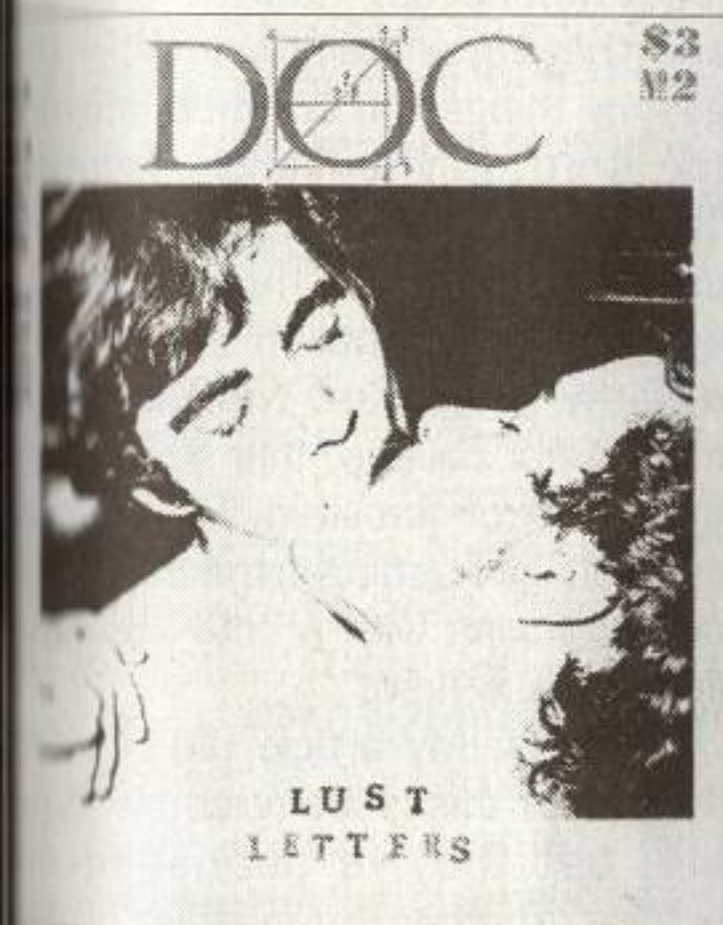
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BOOK SECTION

Zine and Book Reviews by D. Travers Scott

Zine Reviews



O. C. #1 Summer 1996,

the real-life e-mail romance of 2
hook-hungry man-sluts.

This zine's title stands for "Drunk
in Cum," and it's one of the sexi-
est, most visceral things I've read in
a long time. It's simply a series of
emails between two guys — a 26-
year-old grad student and a 36-year-
old professional — who recently met
in a raunchy bathhouse scene. The
student was on vacation and has
returned to school in another city.
The zine begins with their first tenta-
tive, post-trick correspondence:

Issue 201

Line & Book Reviews p. 61

"Among Friends"

fiction by Stoney p. 65

"Afterlife"

fiction by Simon Sheppard p. 69

"Kellan Ethics: Sex and

bondage at Mr. Drummer Europe"

fiction by Kellan Farshea p. 75



Magnifique! The astounding art of Teddy of Paris is *Manhood Rituals*' most recent release. The fifty page magabook premieres the work of Teddy of Paris, a young artist whose work is already well-established and much acclaimed in Europe, particularly France. Available for \$9.95, the publication is available through: Alternate Publishing, POB 14695, SF, CA 94114. Tell them Drummer sent you!

"Sorry... I couldn't resist writing you a note." Timidity fades as they savor recalling their meeting and describing current adventures, thankfully without the **cyberporn**!!! over-enthusiasm of chat rooms and Usenet postings. This doesn't read like stroke fiction at all, but like real correspondence — events are referenced we don't clearly know about and the authors resist the obligation to edit and tweak the letters into a more traditional narrative form. The result sports a startling immediacy without the ramble typical of journals or correspondences. There is suspense, however, well beyond who-fucks-who-and-how: the two seem to be falling into an obsession with each other. One has a frightening run-in with a bloody blowjob. One is in a long-term relationship. Nothing is resolved by the end of the zine — are they falling in love? Are they going to see each other again? How much sex can these two guys have? D.O.C.'s combo of hardcore sex and a voyeuristic format, confidently and adeptly written, left me hard and wanting more.

My bias: I (unfortunately) haven't met these guys — I've been too busy at home reading zines.

Info: \$3 and age statement to P.O. Box 3043, Berkeley CA, 94703; kevinpaul@pipeline.com.

Gutterfag #4 Spring 1996

Gutterfag is a perfect example of how zines can be really sexy without being specifically sex zines. This 16-pager uses the classic cut-up collage style, but manages to maintain legibility and interest without sacrificing fierce energy and enthusiasm. The pages are a frenzied mix-up of scrawny punk boys, song lyrics, headlines, etc. Very little actual dick but still foxy as hell. Zine-subceleb Anonymous Boy's cartoon of a punk guy cruising a twink and thinking, "How come all the skinny guys I like are scared of me?" rocks, rocks, rocks.

Especially interesting are quotes from the song "Identity" by early punk band X-Ray Spex challenging teens for buying into prepackaged, pop-culture identities rather than knowing their true selves. It's fascinating that this 1978 song holds relevance for a punk gutterfag in 1996, a time when the Sex Pistols are tossing together a reunion tour and queer identity can be bought by the dozens at your nearest Queer Pride tchotchke boutique.

My Bias: Don't know this fag or his gutters. Sigh.

Info: No price listed, so how about sending a couple of bucks and some stamps to Jeff Junker-Flaster, 72 Sarah Ln., Middleton NY 10940.

Whorezine #31

Summer Solstice 1996?

1996 — the year of the Trick\$!

This is a sexwork zine dealing with the industry from all aspects. What's most brilliant about it is how Editor Vic St. Blaise and his contributors manage to balance sex, politics and humor. I always laugh out loud reading its wisecracks and media commentary. It's also educational! I learn something from each issue, this time it was the difference between legalizing and decriminalizing prostitution. It's fascinating to read about the cutting-edge of sexwork in San Francisco (where they actually have a city task force on prostitution which includes prostitutes) and the harsher realities elsewhere in the world. There's also great useful tips on being a better john and ho. Discussion of sexual outlaws is relevant to us all, and the spirit of this zine in general turns me on.

My Bias: I've only met Vic online so I really have no idea what a fox he is. Really.

Info: \$3 to 2300 Market St., Ste. 19, San Francisco CA, 94114.

Black Sheets #9

Whore Moan — the Sex Work Issue

Black Sheets always lives up to its billing as "kinky, queer and irrever-

ent." They are quite polymorphous, perverse and funny as shit. This issue has a little less visual stimulation than usual but makes up for it by being so jam-packed with material providing complex takes on the issue. Carol Queen's character study of a bitter peep show worker and her philosophical viewpoints are dense and intriguing character study. Thomas Roche's story of a foiled phone sex had me snorting and spewing and all those other disgusting things you do when laughing too hard. Lawrence Livermore's "Larry and the Professor," teaches capitalizing on, then rebelling against the Pygmalion efforts of a wealthy professor. Neither sentimental nor callous, this story of the battle of familiarity with notorious college-hustling-in-the-60s memoirs and wins with a sober romanticism I really liked.

My bias: My article didn't make the cut for this issue (grumble, grumble) but they've published it before. Whether I'm in there or not, Black Sheets is one of the few publications I subscribe to and read every issue of.

Info: \$6 US, Canada and Mexico; elsewhere; 4 issues for \$20 US. Cash, check, money order, Visa, MasterCard, Black Books, and credit cards accepted. Include age statement and send no money back. Black Books, P.O. Box 31155, San Francisco CA 94131; 415.431.0172; fax 415.431.0172; BlackB@io.net; <http://www.queernet.org/BlackSheets> (busy little sluts, aren't they?)

Book Reviews

Freak Like Me: Inside the Jim Rose Circus Sideshow

Jim Rose with Melissa Ross
Trade Paperbacks

Jim Rose returned sideshow to popular culture in the Nineties. The story of his circus is fascinating. His tales of touring with street performers of Europe and Venice Beach, struggling to develop

figuring out his connection to
 nival history are a great subcul-
 al window. Rose comes across as
 funny guy you could share a beer
 h, then he'd hammer a spike up
 nose. The freaks who come to
 in his troupe are equally riveting.
 movie projectionist is a human pin-
 shion. A car-insurance salesman
 lds the world's record for penis
 ight-lifting: 78 lbs. Slug the Sword
 ellow also noshes on insects
 d roadkill. "The Tube" pumps beer
 ed with egg and ketchup through
 nose into his stomach, reverses
 pump, and brings everything
 k up for a drink straight.
 These people and their dedication
 extreme pursuit are thrilling. As
 y become crossover celebs in the
 y 90s, the book becomes less
 out them and more about touring
 th Lollapalooza and Nine Inch
 ils. Much as I like many of his
 mates, I didn't find them nearly
 interesting as the circus. Rather
 n telling us NIN is "perhaps the
 st outrageous band of the late
 enth century," I wanted to know
 re about Slug's decision to cover
 entire 24-year-old body with a jig-
 w-pattern tattoo. That commit-
 nt to physical outlaw status
 akes these people fascinating.
 ere is enough (including tons of
 at pictures) for a good read, but
 imately I wanted more real freaks
 d less millionaire, paid-to-be-freak
 k stars.

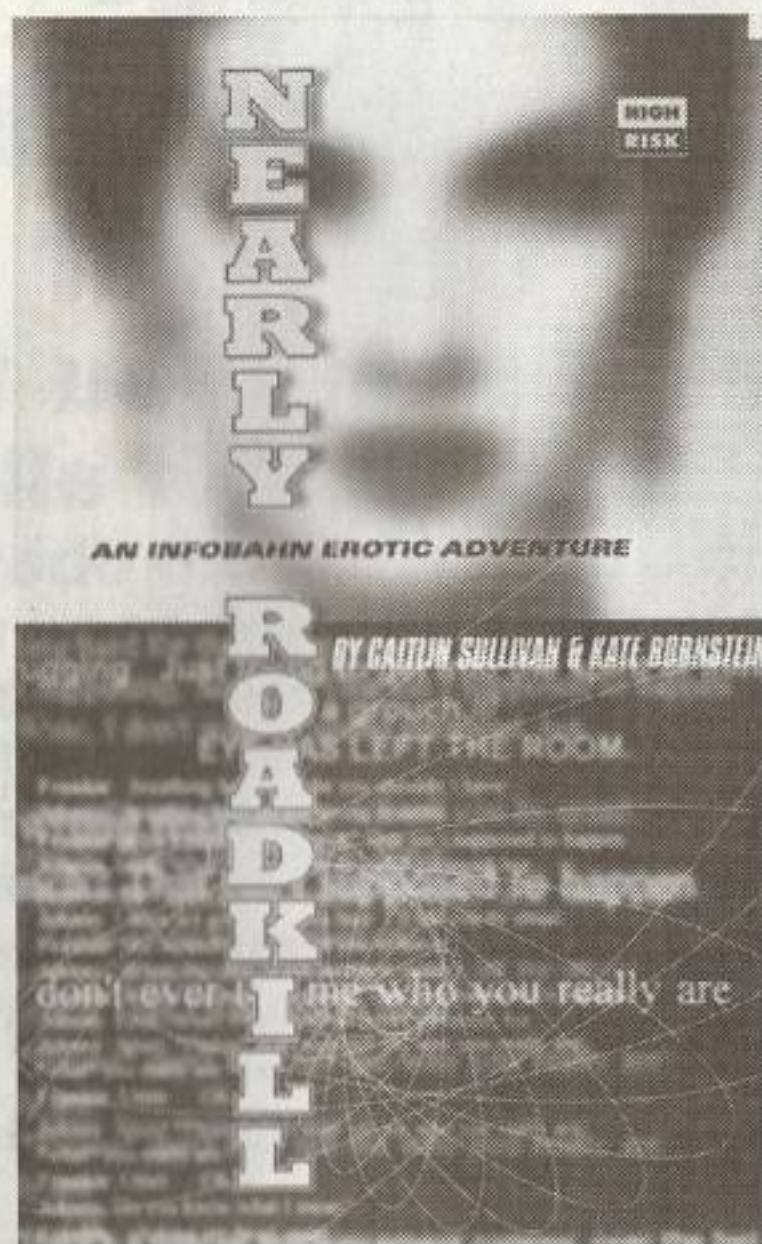
Early Roadkill:

Infobahn Erotic Adventure

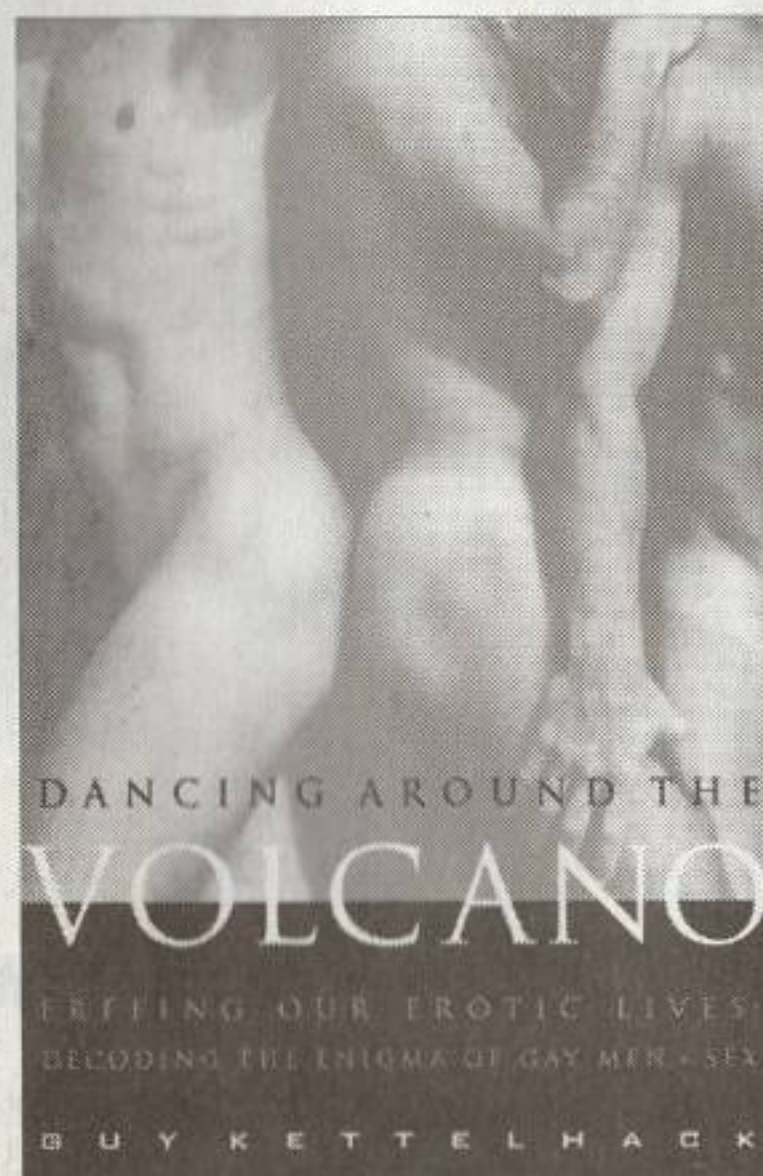
ailin Sullivan and Kate Bornstein,
 pent's Tail/High Risk Books

you want to read about people
 yalizing high-tech sexuality or expe-
 encing it?

If you want to read a really hot
 ook which vividly captures the
 otic potential of new technology,
 ab Nearly Roadkill. This novel
 ls of two 'net outlaws in the
 ear future who refuse to reveal
 air age or gender to the govern-
 ental-big business electronic reg-



istration authorities. Accessibly
 written so that someone who has
 never even turned on a computer
 can understand what's going on,
 this book shows the fantastic
 potential for switching in a realm
 of flexible bodies, identities, gen-
 ders and orientations. Suspenseful,
 romantic and sexy in many varia-
 tions, this book comes closest to
 conveying the possibili-



ties of bodily exploration in a bodi-
 less realm without having to logon.

Dancing Around the Volcano

Guy Kettelhack, Crown Books

Kettelhack considers gay men's
 sexuality a volcano — but not one
 to sacrifice ourselves jumping into,
 and not one that needs to be
 snuffed out. Rather, his book illus-
 trates how, through the myriad ways
 we incorporate our sex drives into
 our daily lives, our dancing around
 the sexual volcano "identifies us,
 gloriously, as pioneers." He
 explores the way we integrate —
 rather than segregate — the Jekyll
 and Hyde aspects of our sexual
 identities, how dreams and fan-
 tasies link a sexrad LA leathertop to
 an Ohio farmboy who just wants to
 settle down.

Mixing personal interviews with
 analysis, Kettelhack works to cover
 the sexual spectrum. He tells of a
 man with multiple personalities
 (and his lover), a 24-year-old bike
 messenger/hustler and one of his
 johns, a bodybuilder's connection
 with his father, a boxing fetishist,
 an Episcopal priest, a 78-year-old
 sex fiend, a sheer sock fetishist, a
 six-way family of lovers and more.
 He takes an unapologetic and cele-
 bratory look at the imaginative and
 varied ways sex functions in gay
 men's lives, and reassesses tradi-
 tional notions of sexual pathology,
 compulsion and dysfunction.

Volcano is accessible, big-heart-
 ed and hot. Kettelhack at times
 relies too heavily on quoting other
 authors, but that will only bother
 readers already familiar with the
 authors and theories he's dis-
 cussing. Kettelhack's study of psy-
 choanalysis and his history of writ-
 ing self-help books lends a tenden-
 cy to overstate things in a rather
 hand-holding way some people may
 get impatient with. Overall, howev-
 er, the book still provides fresh
 ways of looking at and celebrating
 queer sex, relationships and all
 their possible combinations. ■

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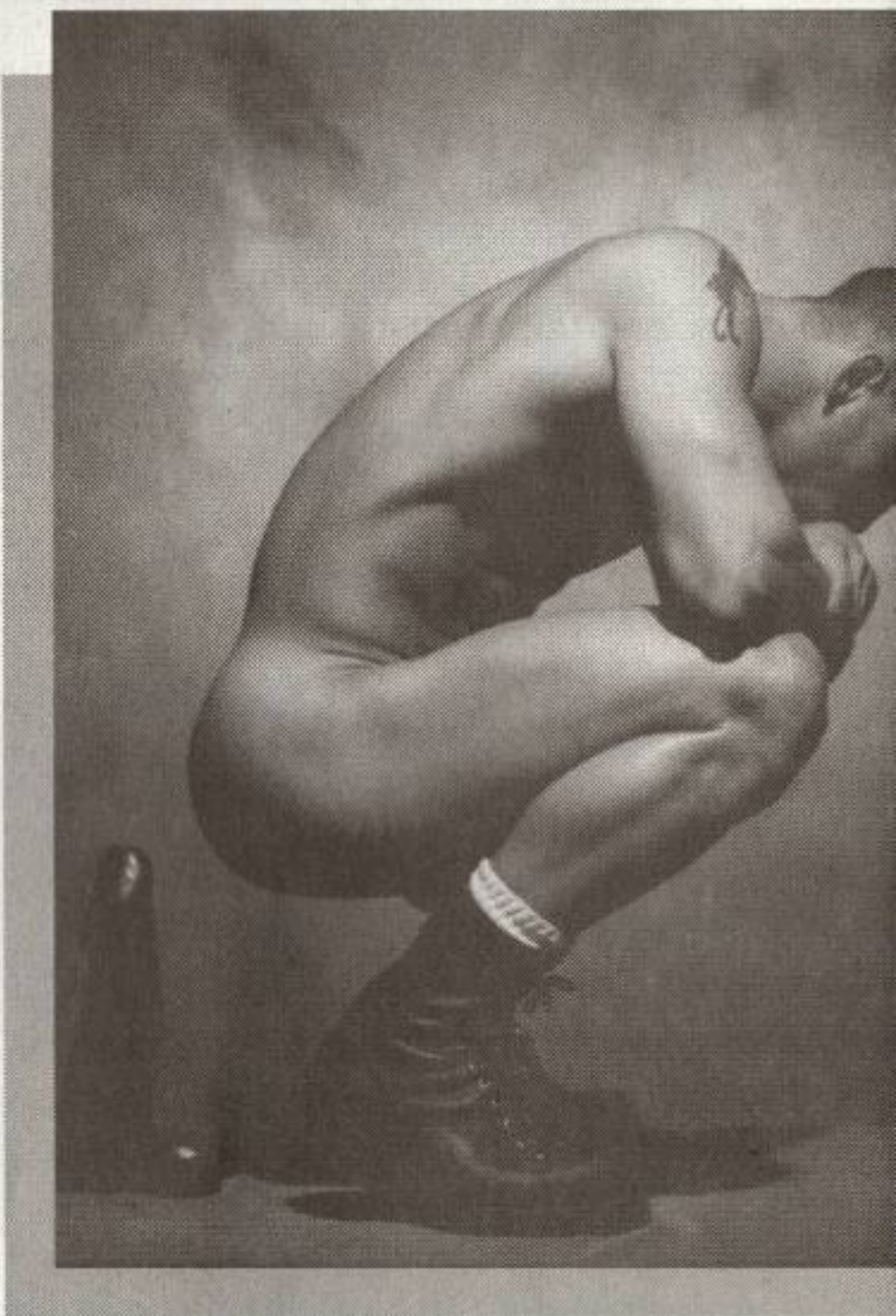
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The New RoB Catalog



Among Friends

by **Stoney**
Photos from
The Drummer Archives

It was a dark and stormy night. Well, not really, but it was a dark night, driving the back roads through my home town to get to the city. The wind howled against the wind shield and made the trees look like huge shadow monsters in the light from the full moon. Still, it was very warm for a New Hampshire night just a week before Halloween.

I parked my car in the lot and went into the Club. Leather night. Shit. I forgot. Too late to make the one hour round trip home and back. I stepped up to the bar feeling naked. The bartender looked me up and down as he poured my drink. Everyone else had their leathers on. Drink in hand, I spotted Dave.

Boots, chaps, black Levi's, harness, bare chest, pierced nipples, carefully trimmed beard, mirror shades and patent leather brimmed hat, on a 6', muscular body. Hot. I always look forward to seeing him dressed that way. My dick stirred.

"Hey, Dave," I said.

"Stoney! You forgot Leather Night? How could you?" he said loudly.

"Awright, you've embarrassed me, keep it down."

"I can't believe you came dressed like that. You got ANYTHING leather on?" he said even louder.

I showed him my boots.

"Come on, I live 5 minutes from here. I'm sure I've got something that'll fit you."

So we got into Dave's car and drove to his apartment. His closet is a wide walk-in, street clothes on the right, leather on the left.

"Looks like a leather shop," I said.

"Yeah, doesn't it smell great?"



He threw a pair of chaps at me.

"Try those on."

I hooked the belt and started the left zipper, but I couldn't get it to go very far. Dave pulled and stretched the tight leather and finally got the zipper all the way down, then did the other leg.

"Let's have a look at you. Turn around, let me see your ass."

I watched myself in the mirror as Dave checked the fit.

"Are you wearing a jock?" he asked.

"Yeah, I always do."

"Take it off. You aren't wearing a jock with those chaps, it shows through."

He helped with the zippers and soon the chaps were off. I shucked my jeans and jock strap. I started to put the jeans back on, but Dave stopped me.

"Stoney, I swear you don't know how to dress yourself."

He took off his wristband and fastened the leather strap tightly around my dick and balls.

"While you have your pants down, how about trying a harness?" He pulled one out.

I took off my T-shirt. He placed the straps on my shoulders and buckled it in the back. I protested about not being able to take it off myself later.

"So?" was all he would say about it as he pulled my bound meat into the cock ring on the harness. Passing the strap between my ass cheeks, he buckled it tightly with the other straps that went around my chest.

"It's kinda tight," I said.

"You look good like that," he smiled. "Now you'll be properly dressed, get your pants on," he smiled.

I pulled my jeans back on and stuffed my now fully erect cock down the left leg. Once again, Dave had to fasten the zippers. Several times, he went to pull on the chaps and yanked my dick instead.

"Sorry," he said.

"No complaints, but if you keep doing that, we'll never make it back to the Club."

He gave me a wicked smile and pulled the second zipper all the way down, using my fully hard member as a lever. I nearly came in my pants.

"Let's go," he said, plunking a leather hat like his on my head.

He grabbed a pair of mirror shades and a leather jacket covered with chains and zippers.

"Put these on."

I caught a glimpse of us in the living room mirror. We could have been twins except his beard is red, mine salt and pepper.

We practically ran out to the car. I opened the door.

"Dave, we got a problem. I can't sit down!"

We both started laughing. Between the chaps and harness being so tight, I couldn't bend at the knees or waist. He moved the seat all the way back and put the seat back down flat. With some effort, we managed to get all of me into the car without breaking anything. I lay there on my back, looking at the ceiling. We laughed all the way to the Club. He had to help me get out of the car, too. Good thing there was no one else in the parking lot at the time.

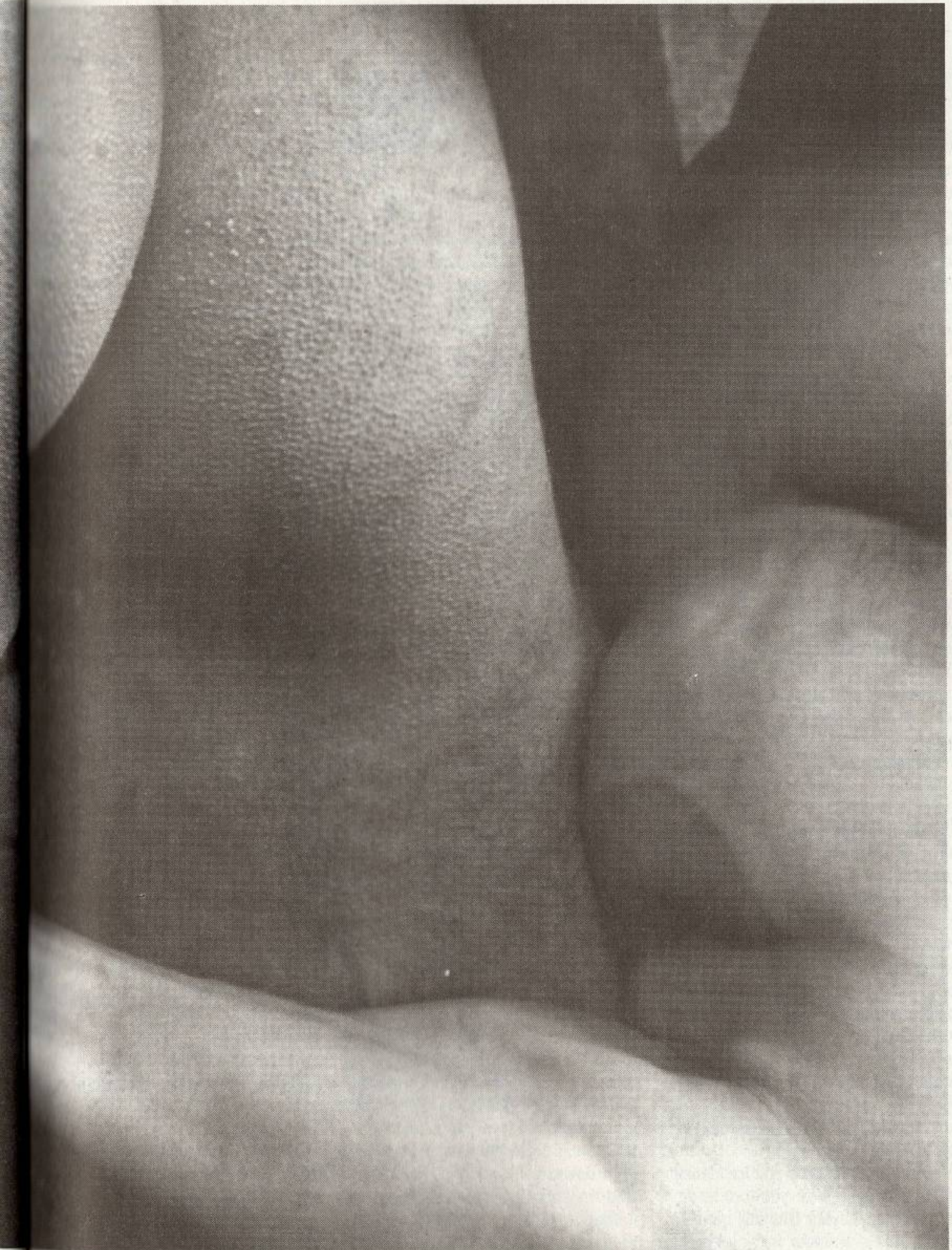
Heads turned as we strode into the Club.

We spent the next couple of hours drinking in the scenery. There was so much leather, I could smell it over the cigarette smoke. Several men chatted with us over the course of the evening. I had my crotch squeezed many times by hot bearded leather studs who tried to see me behind the shades. I groped them back. Dave and I stayed close together and agreed that this was one of the finest Leather Nights in a long time. He stroked my dick every now and then and reminded me that he wouldn't take off my harness unless I returned to his place. As if I needed reminding. We were both very horny by last call.

"Time to go before they put the lights on," Dave said.

Laughing again, we got me into the car, and back to his place.

Once inside, I took off my hat and



tossed it onto the sofa. Dave stopped me from taking off the leather jacket.

"Take mine off," he said.

I pushed his jacket off his shoulders just as he did mine. He leaned over and kissed me. I kissed him back, our tongues sliding easily into each other's mouths. We let the jackets fall to the floor. He leaned down and unzipped my chaps. I undid his. He pulled my belt out and unbuttoned my pants, pulling them down to my knees. My rod popped up and hit his face. He gave it a few warm licks as he bunched my pants around my ankles. He pushed me down onto the sofa and just when I thought he was going to get down to business sucking my cock, he flipped me over and put a handcuff on one of my wrists. I fought him as best I could with one hand cuffed and my jeans around my ankles. When we fell to the floor with me on top, I knocked the wind out of him. Spinning around quickly, I had him on his stomach and, finding another pair of cuffs on the coffee table, had his hands cuffed behind him before he could breathe again.

"FUCK!" was all he could say.

"Yeah, fuck," I said in his ear, "What the hell were you trying to do to me?"

"Nothing, just a friendly game."

"I know a friendly game, too," I said, smiling.

I left him there on the floor and went to his closet. The ankle restraints were right where I remembered seeing them earlier. He had raised himself into a kneeling position while I was gone. I pushed him face down onto the sofa and put the restraints on his ankles and hooked them together. He struggled some but not enough to stop me. Using my belt, I attached his ankles to the handcuffs and let him down to the floor onto his side.

"What are you gonna do to me?" he asked.

"Find a way to thank you for loaning me this leather. Hey, you look pretty hot like that. Is your dick still hard?" I asked, reaching under him and giving

his hard cock a good squeeze. "Nice," I said.

He really looked worried now.

"You once told me you had a hidden playroom in here, where you took all your tricks for fun and games. Where is it?" He didn't say a word, but glanced towards the bedroom. "Won't tell me? I'll find it myself."

The most likely place was the leather closet. I moved the clothes around looking for a hidden door, but found nothing. His bedroom was the same. Back in the closet, I moved his collection of boots and shoes and found a section of carpet that didn't exactly match the rest. Peeling the carpet back with my fingernails, I found a trapdoor. A ring popped out of the floor and when I pulled it, the floor rose up on a hinge, revealing a wide staircase that ended in darkness. Near the first step was a switch that turned on the lights. I went down to the bottom of the stairs and there before me was the finest dungeon I had seen in a long time. A large wooden table dominated the room, big enough to hold a tall person spread eagle without hanging over the edge. The walls had hooks and chains every 3 feet or so, and the ceiling was beamed and hung with spare chains.

"Perfect," I said to myself.

My rod bobbed as I vaulted the stairs to get Dave. He hadn't moved. I carefully lifted him onto my shoulder and carried him down the stairs.

"How did you find it so fast?" he asked.

"You didn't hide it as if someone would be looking for it, just so that no one would notice it if they walked into the closet," I explained.

I put him on the table. The four corners had eyebolts and dog clips. I untied the belt, and clipped his ankles to one corner of the table. Removing one handcuff, I pulled his still cuffed arm and clipped it to the opposite corner. Next, I undid his jeans and pulled them down to his ankles. His raging hard on sprung up and slapped his stomach. He tried to punch me with his free hand, but I managed to stay

out of his way. Unhooking the ankle restraints, I pulled his leg through his jeans and, with him struggling hard, clipped it to the third corner. His other arm proved to be quite a challenge. He wouldn't let me grab it until I reminded him that if I left, he wouldn't be able to free himself no matter how hard he tried. That made him relax his arm and let me put on a wrist restraint and clip it to the last corner. I replaced the hand cuff with the second restraint, reconnected his arm to the table, and stood back.

He was magnificent. Spread out on that table, shiny with sweat, looking royally pissed off, he was packaged and ready for abuse.

"Cocksucker!" he yelled.

"Good place to start."

I leaned over the table and blew my breath on his cock head, then licked gently. I felt the blood pulsing in the shaft. The hard member disappeared into my mouth as I sucked with all my might. Dave moaned. I pulled off.

"NOOOO," he said.

"Shut your mouth before I put something in it."

"Asshole!"

I found a small pecker gag on a shelf. He shook his head so I couldn't get it on. I grabbed his head with both hands and closed my teeth on his nose, cutting off his air. A few seconds later, he opened his mouth to breathe and that's when I plugged him. His eyes were wide with surprise as I buckled the gag.

"That's better," I said.

He shook his head from side to side but the gag would not come off.

"You may as well hold still and enjoy this because you're not getting free until I'm satisfied I've thanked you enough."

I scanned the room for ideas.

"Quite a collection you have here," I said.

I picked up a set of tit clamps attached with a chain. He squirmed nicely when I clamped one down on each of his pierced nipples. I held the other clamp up, pulling on the tit, and swung the chain back and forth. He moaned

Afterlife

By Simon Sheppard

When Mac closed his eyes for the last time, he was lying in a hospital bed. The young priest, very cute, seemed disappointed at being deprived of a final confession. Mac's mother cried and cried. And his lover, past tears, sat on the bed, a funny look on his face, holding Mac's bony hands.

When Mac opened his eyes again, he was in a bathhouse. The faint voices of an angelic choir wafted through the air, along with a whiff of Pine-Sol.

"I.D., please," said the bearded bear behind the glass window. His silvery name tag said "Pete." Mac discovered a plastic-covered card in his pocket. He showed it to the man behind the window and was handed a towel and a little tube of lube. No condom, Mac thought, but then he realized Of course! Nobody needs one. Not up here, not at the baths. Pete buzzed him through and he walked into the locker room. There were a few other guys there, stripping down, cruising each other, wrapping snow-white towels around their waists. And a saggy old guy lounged superciliously in the corner, playing with himself and puffing on a cigarette in a long holder. Mac did a double-take: it was Noël Coward.

Mac caught sight of himself in a full-length mirror. Huh, not bad. He hadn't looked so hunky in years. His eyes fixed on the image of the near-naked man undressing behind him. He turned around to watch.

Is there any sight more holy, Mac wondered, than watching a man from behind as he takes off his underwear? The way his haunches move, the hidden promise of his shifting butcrack. He felt himself getting hard.

So they did have erections up here. Well, of course they would. They should.

The guy he was watching, staring at

really, looked Italian, a little disreputable. A little like rough trade. Just his type. A beautiful, hairy butt. And a big uncut dick. The guy had noticed him watching, stroked his furry Italian chest provocatively, wrapped his towel around his waist, clicked his locker shut. And, with a haughty half-smile, headed off down the hall.

Mac followed, caught up with him by the wood-and-glass door of the sauna. The Italian guy was lounging against the wall, hips thrust forward, cock pressing against terry cloth, an expression of insolent disinterest on his face. He looked Mac directly in the eyes, opened the door and went inside. Mac hesitated; after all, he'd just gotten there, and his journey had been tiring and somewhat . . . surprising. He thought of his grieving boyfriend, probably still back there at his bedside. His heart gave a tug. Oh well, too late to do anything about that. He pulled open the sauna door and stepped inside.

The Italian was sitting, alone in the piercing dry heat. He was on the lower bench, leaning back with arms resting on the upper bench. Legs spread, obviously hard dick just barely concealed by the white towel. His hard body was already shiny with sweat. Expressionless, the man stared at Mac, then half-closed his dark eyes. Mac dropped to his knees between the man's legs. The guy reached down and pulled open his towel. Beautiful fucking hard-on. He stuck his face between the man's hairy thighs. The dark smell of the man's sweaty crotch rose to his nostrils. He leaned into the flesh, tongued the guy's sweat-slick ballsac. The dark man moaned slightly, thrust his hips further forward. Mac ran his tongue up the underside of the shaft, kissed the soft flesh that had emerged from the foreskin, wrapped his lips around the dickhead, then slid his mouth down

through the gag. Dave squealed when I clamped his other nipple and dropped the chain on his stomach.

All this time, our dicks never softened. I massaged his dick with some lube I found on the shelf with all the other toys. We were both close to cumming. I let his dick go.

"There will be no orgasm tonight until I say so, understand?"

I didn't bother to wait for an answer. His dick pulsed, ready to cum.

Several dildos and a vibrator stood proudly on another shelf. I took the vibrator and a medium sized dildo, lubed it, and pressed it against Dave's ass pucker. He tightened his ass muscles to keep it out.

"Let it in, Dave."

I pushed harder. This time it slid in far enough that he couldn't stop it any more. I put it about half way in. The vibrator made a loud humming sound when I turned it on. Dave made an even louder sound when I pressed it against the dildo and used it to push the nasty invader in to the hilt. His hips rose off the table as far as he could stretch. I kept the vibrator solidly on his ass.

"You can cum anytime you want now," I told him.

A few seconds later, with a rumbling muffled growl, he did just that, all over himself. Cum flew from his cock onto his face, chest and hair. The vibrator did its nasty work. The last squirt flew over his head and hit the table with a splat. I kept the vibrator on until his ass slowly lowered back onto the table.

I hopped up onto the table and straddled Dave on my knees. He watched as I jerked myself to orgasm just inches from his face. My cum mixed with his in his beard and hair. All too soon, my dick dribbled the end of its load onto his chest. I leaned over, removed his gag and we gave each other an intense kiss.

Dave thanked me when I unclipped his wrists and ankles.

"No. Thank you for loaning me the leather."

We showered and spent the rest of the weekend thanking each other. ■

over the man's cock till he felt it pressing against the back of his throat. His throat muscles milked the guy's dick-head as the hard, hot shaft pumped into his mouth.

Swallowing that big Italian penis made breathing difficult, and the sauna's heat didn't help matters. Just when he thought he was going to pass out, he felt the man's hands under his arms, pulling him upward from the floor. Pulling him up till they were face-to-face. The man held Mac against him, wrapped his arms around him, kissed Mac violently, shoving his tongue in Mac's hungry mouth. Their slippery bodies slipped and glided together, Mac's smoother flesh against the dark man's hairy torso. Mac drew his face away, stared into the other man's piercing eyes. Wordlessly, the Italian raised one arm over his head, exposing a bush of dark hair. Mac buried his face in the armpit, rubbing his face deep into the smell, inhaling deeply.

The man's hands were on both cocks now, squeezing them, rubbing them together, jacking them off, man-flesh against manflesh. Mac wanted him to slow down, prolong the sensations, but when he tried to pull away, the man's grip just tightened, stroking remorselessly. "Oh God FUCK!" Mac grunted into the man's smelly pit as the two men exploded into twin jets of cum. The man grabbed the back of Mac's head, pulled his face to his own and gave him a wet, long kiss. Their slippery bodies were stuck together by a flood of cum. Mac looked around. Another man had entered the sauna, had been sitting on the opposite bench, watching them and jerking off, and was now lazily licking his own juice off his hand. "Doccia," the Italian man smiled. "Shower."

As they stood side-by-side, steaming hot water washing over their flesh, down over dicks still half-hard, Mac broke the silence. Maybe it wasn't standard procedure, but he'd always been friendly at the baths. "Name's Mac," he said. "I just got here."

The other man had a heavy accent. "My name is Caravaggio."

(continued on page 73)

"The artist?"

"Si."

"Holy fuck!"

Caravaggio grinned, reached over, and gave Mac a smart slap on his soapy butt.

They toweled off and set out down one of the corridors. The place was a lot larger than it had seemed at first, a maze of corridors and cubicles bathed in a soft, unearthly light. Many of the rooms' doors were closed, but others

stood open. Through one Mac saw a well-built black man lying back on the bed, playing with his stiff dick. Mac recognized him. He had been one of the stars of Mac's favorite soap opera. In the next room, two men lay on their bellies, side-by-side on the little bed, their upturned asses inviting exploration. They looked like twins. And so it went, room after room, hallway after hallway, men in every conceivable size and shape. A cute, slightly chubby Ch



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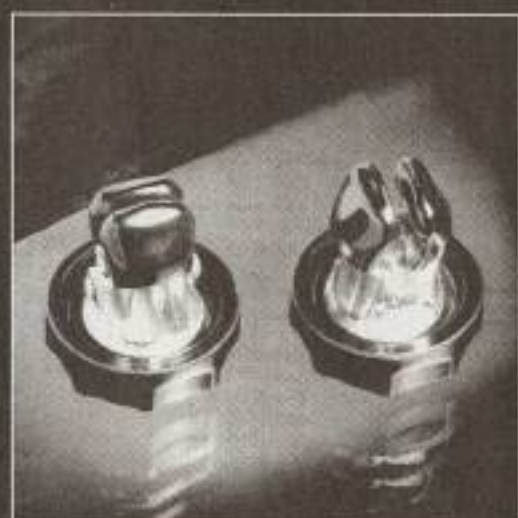
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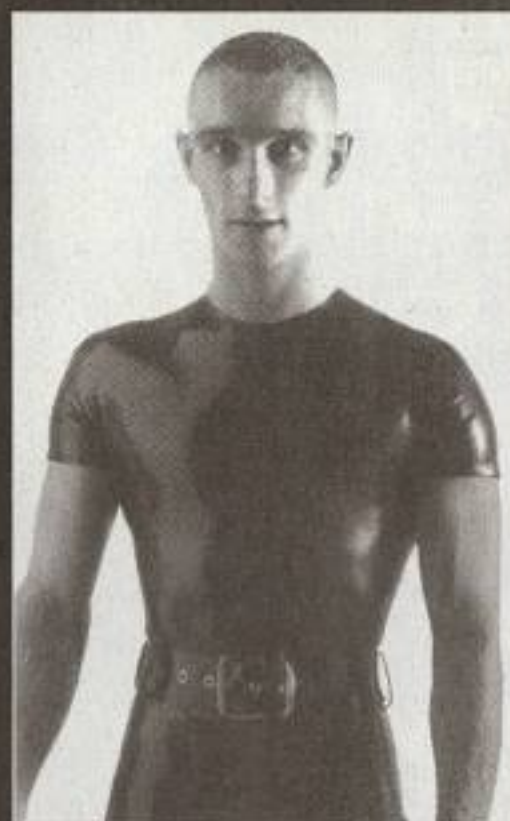
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| TOTAL | | |

(continued from page 70)

these guy working a big dildo up his butt. A handsome older man whose facial hair suggested a Civil War soldier. Mac was sure he'd seen one guy in a PBS documentary on the Great Depression.

As they turned a corner, a craggy middle-aged man grinned at Caravaggio. "Ciao, bello!" he said, and they exchanged air kisses. "Pasolini," Caravaggio confided when the man had passed.

Mac was relaxing into the swing of things. It had been years since he'd been to the tubs, but it was just as he'd remembered it: the parade of desirable flesh; the circles and cycles of cruising, trying to stare with just the right degree of barely-concealed desire; the gropings at hard flesh; the delicious shock when man-to-man contact was made. The flirtations. The frustrations. The never-ending deliciousness of hard, dripping cock.

And he remembered Corey. He'd met Corey at one of the huge, fancy bath houses of the late '70s, pleasure palaces as elaborate as any theme park. It was the one with the cab of a two-ton semi in the middle of the Truckee's Room. The Campground, with tents-for-rent and crickets chirping over the P.A. system. The two-tier Cell Block. Just the memories brought a smile to his face.

He'd been in the steam room, a Byzantine maze of curvilinear white-tiled walls. The mists and Mac's myopia concealed the face of the man sitting there, feet propped up on the bench, knees spread wide, asshole exposed and inviting. In a flash, Mac was on his knees, running his tongue down the stiff shaft, over soft scrotum, down to the man's juicy hole. Holding on to the man's firm, hairy calves for dear life, he nuzzled into tangy sweetness, shoving his tongue deep into the guy's insides. Those were the days! And that was how he met Corey, the man with whom he was to spend the better part of a decade. Till Corey was faded and gone, leaving him the way he'd just left Jim.

Whack! The sound of leather meet-

ing flesh echoed down the halls. He and Caravaggio turned as one, heading for the sound.

The sound was coming from the dungeon. In one corner of the room, a bald-headed man was bound up, back to the wall, hands chained above his head. A well-built man was slapping the bald guy with a leather paddle, working over the vulnerable flesh of the man's inner thighs. Every blow made the bottom's rock-hard cock bobble and jump. Mac recognized the man with the paddle. Even recognized his dick. And why not? He'd seen that dark, bulky cock in plenty of porn videos. Al Parker. The guy had been a star.

Whack! The bald guy with the reddening thighs looked familiar, too. He turned to Caravaggio. "Who's the bottom? Do you know?"

The painter seemed distracted. He was staring at a thin, long-haired young guy in a broad leather collar who was kneeling, hands behind his back, and staring up invitingly at the Italian. "Who? Oh, si, that's Foucault. Michel Foucault. He does like to take his punishment."

And so he did. Parker was swatting at Foucault's dick now, rhythmically slapping at the bulging flesh while the French philosopher whimpered and squirmed.

"If you'll pardon me, my friend," Caravaggio said, "there's something I must do." And he sauntered off toward the kneeling boy.

Parker was standing right up against Foucault now, still torturing the man's pain-hungry dick while he shoved his left hand in the Frenchman's open, moaning mouth. Parker dropped the paddle and started slapping Foucault's face with his right hand. Every blow made Foucault's body arch and tremble, until his wide-stretched mouth let out a loud, long groan and the Frenchman came in shuddering spurts.

It was entertaining to watch, Mac thought, but not really his thing. (Truth be told, Corey had been the kinky one. Every so often, he had come home on Sunday morning with welts on his pretty ass and a silly grin on his handsome

face.) His artistic new friend was standing above the kneeling boy, grabbing a handful of hair and guiding the boy's mouth up and down on his insatiable dick. The rings on the boy's collar gleamed. Mac went off in search of the Jacuzzi.

"Know where the Jacuzzi is?" he asked a bleached-blond kid with at least a dozen piercings in each ear. "Dunno," the kid said, scratching his head, well-bitten fingernails running through black roots. "Just got here myself."

The kid seemed awfully young to be there. Mac wanted to ask but didn't. The kid told him anyway. "Some guys in school threw me off a bridge," he offered. "It's nice here, huh?" He smiled.

Mac wandered through throngs of men in towels, receiving lustful glances, smiling in return. His dick was getting hard again. Already. Up here, clearly, the old limits didn't apply. When he got to the door of the dark orgy room, he decided to postpone a soak in the tub.

The unlit orgy room was full of naked men. He moved away from the light of the doorway, into a heaving sea of naked flesh. Within seconds, someone's hand was on his hard-on, someone else's mouth on his nipple. A big, slippery dick pressed against his thigh. He'd forgotten how good it felt, this abundance of undifferentiated flesh in the dark. Hands were on his ass now, stroking, probing, pushing his ass-cheeks apart. A wet finger was working his hole loose, stroking and pushing till Mac opened up and let him in. The well-lubed finger worked its way inside him, finger-fucking him expertly until he wanted more. Had to have more. He reached behind, ran his hand over the man's hard belly, down to a stiff dick, and guided the man's hard-on to his ass. The unseen man slid his finger out, wrapped his arm around Mac's chest, and pulled Mac up against his warm, muscled body, guiding his cock into Mac's butt. Mac spread his feet, trying for balance. As the man pumped into him, his grip on Mac tightened. His

other hand grabbed Mac's face, turning his head till he felt the unknown man's lips against his own. It wasn't a kiss, not really, just a sharing of breath. The man's hand moved down to Mac's dick and started tugging at Mac's nuts, stretching out the sac. "Oh yeah, fuck me hard," Mac whispered into the man's mouth. "Fuck me good." The man grabbed Mac's cock and used it as a handle, sliding Mac up and down on his cock. Mac's muscles tightened, started shaking. Their mouths were wide open now, sharing hot breath.

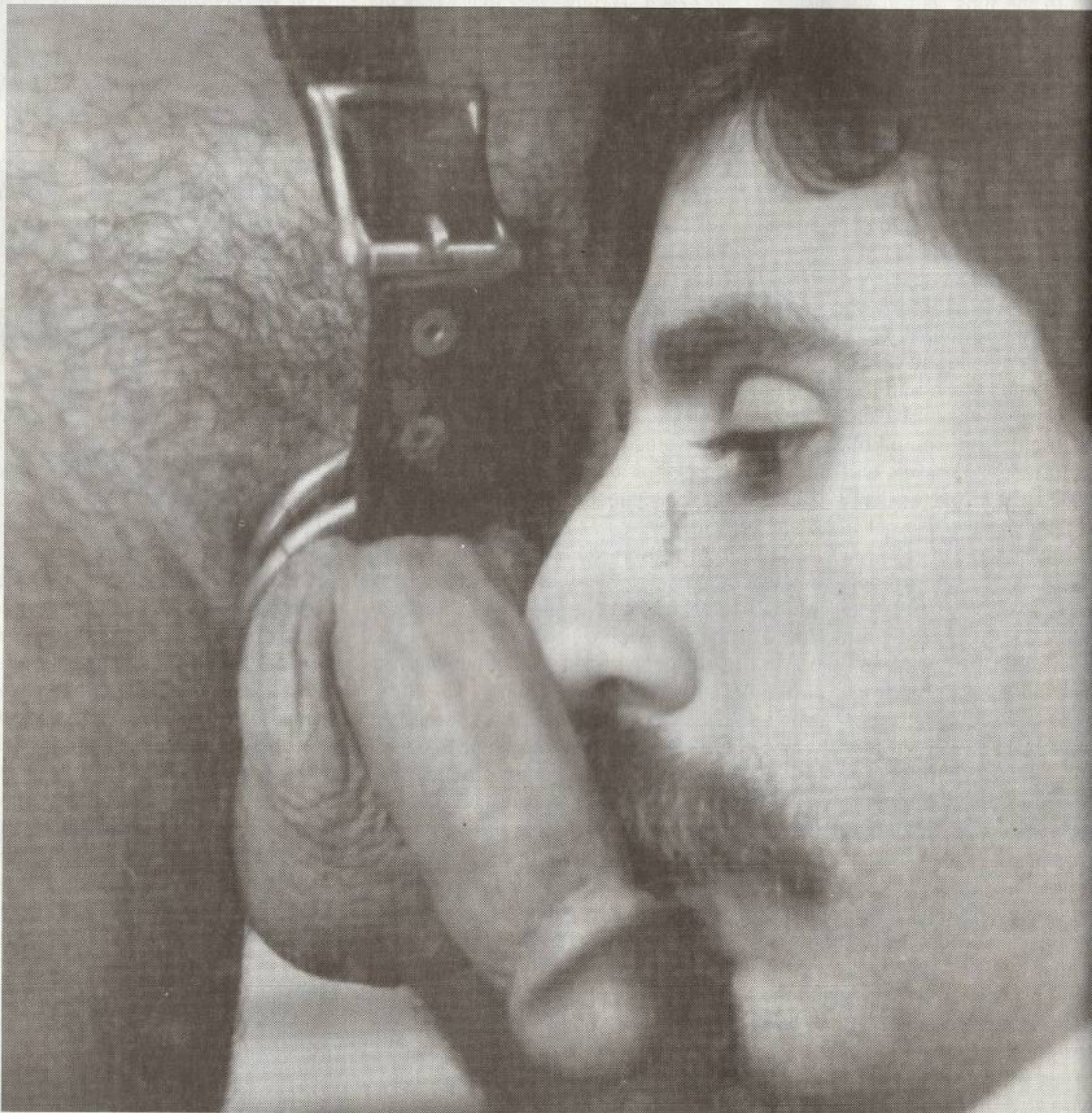
Rivers of hot sweat dripped between their bodies. The man grunted with every thrust. His hand tightened around Mac's cock, almost to the point of pain, and he exploded deep inside Mac's wet, yielding ass. Their tongues met. Mac shot off in an endless, delicious spasm of cum.

The man pulled out, spun Mac around till they were face to unseen face, and threw his arms around him. Mac rested his head on the man's shoulder and stroked his broad back. Mac's breathing slowed and he

regained his balance. The man's loosened. He said, "Take care, but slapped Mac on the ass, and gone, reabsorbed into the flow of f

Like Moses parting the Red Mac unsteadily made his way through the tides of flesh, back to the co He stood there, still shaky, dick half-hard, blinking in the light. Tim hit the Jacuzzi.

It was just down the hall, a turquoise tub filled with warm, ch water and a familiar smell of chl Only a couple of other guys were t



and most of the men, Mac figured, were busy in the orgy room. He lowered himself into the tub. The warm water tingled against his well-used hole.

A trim man with the face of a Mayan prince was sitting on the opposite rim of the tub, legs dangling in the water, while a mostly submerged boy with shaved head and tattooed shoulders melted between his thighs, bobbing up and down on his dick. The man getting down stared into Mac's eyes. "Want to watch me come?" he asked.

Sure, Mac nodded. The man pulled

the boy's head away from his dick and, without touching himself, shot big gushing streams of sperm all over his lean brown belly. The Mayan prince smiled at Mac. "See you," he said. He looked down at the boy. "We're going, cockslover."

"Yes, sir," the boy said, raising his colorful, chunky body from the swirling water. They walked off together, the boy several paces behind the lean prince.

Mac was alone. He closed his eyes and threw his head back, the whirlpool of water jets caressing him into a state of torpid pleasure. He had almost drifted off to sleep when he felt another man's foot on his.

Mac kept his eyes closed, didn't move as the underwater foot moved up Mac's leg, pushing at his knees till his legs were spread apart. As the man's toes went further up, caressed his inner thigh, Mac felt himself getting hard again. Three times in an hour! He was going to like it up here.

The toes were on his ballsack now, gently playing with his nuts. Mac squirmed and sighed. The big toe moved down the sensitive ridge between his legs, down to his still-pulsing hole, and started teasing the sensitive assflesh. Mac slid down so the toe pressed deeper into him. His hard-on was throbbing now.

The man's foot moved back up, over Mac's balls, till it was pressing against the arc of Mac's hard dick. Mac bucked his hips, rubbing his dick hard against the sole of the man's foot.

Mac thought he heard it above the rush of swirling water. His name. "Hey, Mac" He had heard it. He opened his eyes.

The other man in the Jacuzzi. Corey. It was Corey. He grabbed Corey's foot, held on to it for dear life.

The moistness in Mac's eyes transformed the soft light behind Corey's handsome, smiling face into a glowing halo.

"Hey, Mac," said Corey. "Welcome to Heaven."

Kellan Ethics:

Sex & Bondage at Mr. Drummer Europe

*Non fiction
by Kellan Farshea*

2 am. Amsterdam. Stood in a dark corridor that runs alongside the play-space in the Winners Ball of Mr Drummer Europe 96. At my feet is a mid forties daddy-boy sleaze pig. I'm in black ex-army cammo's, he's in green ex-army cammo's and rubber. He is drenched in my piss, face sticky with my spit. He struggles to stand up, tries to get up from the floor but I won't let him. I thump and smack his head and back until he gives in and falls back to his knees. I don't know his name. We haven't agreed to a stop-word.

Europe. Home of Tom (of Finland), Bastille, Toy, the Marquis de Sade, Leopold Sacher-Masoch, currently awash with rubber clad perverts and skinhead queers in ex-army cammo trousers and Doc Martin boots.

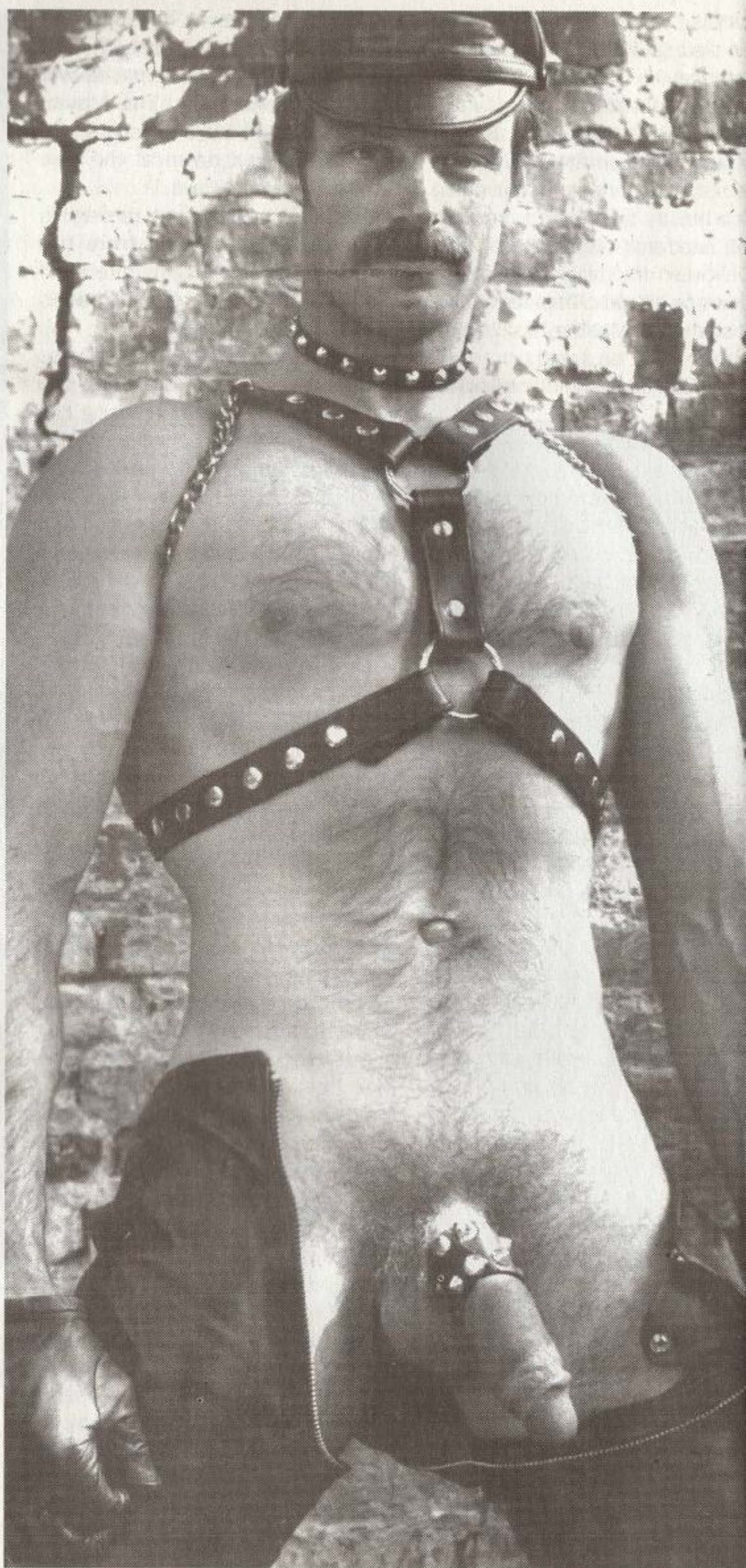
Amsterdam. Europe. Mr Drummer 96. Before any of us even get to Amsterdam, the weekend has an unmistakably American feel to it. Leather Pride. What is this notion called Leather Pride? Is it like Leather Tribe; Leather Bar; Leather sex? A North American term transposed through US cultural imperialism onto gay and SM communities around the world. Leather—no longer a description of a particular fetish, it has become a euphemism for a variety of SM and fetish practices. One can be a leather man and never wear leather. Leathersex may involve simply wearing a leather jacket and fucking or it

may be dressed in jockstraps whilst wrestling in shit or standing at sun-up wearing nothing but play piercing needles.

I tie his hands behind his back and kick him in the balls - over and over again. He whimpers and then cries out. All around me there are men, dressed in leather chaps and checked shirts, they kneel and suck cock; they bend over and get fucked; they squeeze into a dark box-space and fumble with each other's genitals. Is this the best I should hope for in a Leather-Space? Vanilla relief from a man in leather gear? Sorry-but I am a dominant sadist, an SMer, a pervert-I didn't go through all the heartache of a second coming out so that I could get a blow job in a dress-code backroom. Besides, I haven't gotten hard yet. But my head is cruising at an altitude of 20,000 ft. I force my hand into his mouth, press down on his tongue so he can't bite back and spit, repeatedly, into his face.

European Leathermen? Over here in Europe, it has a different meaning. More precise, less encompassing. It simply means wearing leather. Leather men are just one group out of many. Over here we are perverts, fetishists and SMers.

The Mr Drummer Europe 96 would have to be someone who understood the cultural diversity of Europe; someone who had a sense of Europe as a different entity to America; someone who could speak more languages than english; someone who recognised that our icons have grown out of Bastille and Cadinot rather than Tom of Finland and John Wayne. As judges we chose a skinhead man dressed in rubber. His fantasy involved tying a man into a Japanese rope harness. It was simple, precise, skillful and (for me at least) extremely erotic. When I returned home and logged onto IRC (Internet Relay Chat) German, French and English perves



found it ironically amusing that a rubber clad man should win a title at leather pride. But they also felt we had chosen the right man for Europe. No facial hair, not heavily muscular, not particularly interested in leather, short cropped hair and definitely into SM sex.

So how appropriate are these titles to the European experience of SM? Are they just another layer of American gay culture, like rainbow flags and red ribbons, sliding on top of the diverse multi-country queer Europe? Is this a commercial butt-plug filling a hole in our ill-defined continent? Is this yet another example of the fractal nature of Europe, no matter how micro or macro our perspective—Europe is a collection of different, sometimes oppositional, cultures sharing the same geographical space. Divided by so many different languages, currencies, borders and laws, we don't have many ideas or icons to unite around. Perhaps American gay culture is our only common denominator. But should we be adopting it wholesale without question, and how open is it to reconstruction in a more European image?

Down in the bar at the Winners Ball, old guard leathermen jostle and chat, dressed in full leather, muir caps, moustaches, and, perhaps incongruously, San Francisco police uniforms. They wouldn't look out of place in most American leather bars but here they stand out in the play-space.

Back home, on IRC, I find that a lot of European queer perverts were put off by the use of "Leather" in the title of the week. These are the next generation, new-guard perverts. They want to go to mixed queer SM venues, where dyke and gay perverts mix and match images and roles. They dress in rubber and gas masks and big boots and skinhead gear and discarded east European combat clothing. They don't just

shave their faces or heads, they shave their whole bodies. They didn't go to Leather Pride because leather is term synonymous with Born To Raise Hell, Masters of Europe, clones, the USA, backrooms and dress-codes.

Can a title say anything to them.?

Title holders are an institution in the home of the American dream. A country which depends for its survival on the myth that everyone and anyone can be president if they work hard enough. There are titles for everyone—geographically or demographically—from Mid-Atlantic Leather to Deaf Gay Leather. No-one should feel they don't have a chance to hold a title at some time. As long as, and this is never stated, as long as they have the money to fly from one city or state to another.

But economics aside, the USA is one country, albeit of many states, the official language is American english whether one is in Seattle, Texas or Boston. There is a reassuring continuity backed up by a national constitution that give a title holder a firm footing wherever they are in the country.

In Europe the title holder is a misnomer. An award without clear purpose, without even a clear constituency. Can a title-holder from Spain be expected to converse easily and intelligently with SMers in Italy, Germany, Iceland and Ireland? Can an SMer from the former East Germany relate to the relaxed queer/SM culture of the Netherlands?

Europe 96. A generation behind the USA. Most perverts here don't belong to leather clubs. The MSC is, in many countries (and particularly in Britain), an organisation of older gaymen, hostile to dykes or straights, hostile to change. Whilst the European SM scene explodes into life, the new generation tends not to belong to these committee led clubs. This is a generation who saw the Berlin wall come down, who saw government after government become

embroiled in corruption trials; we distrust old-guard hierarchies whether in national or SM politics. This is a generation who come to London for the annual SM Pride because they identify as SMers rather than as fetishists. What can a title that hides behind euphemism say to us?

I have taken him, wet and stinking, out of the play-area and down to the Eagle bar. I lead him down the stairs by a rope. I tie his hands behind his back and blindfold him. As ever, in this macho, dress-code leather bar, the backroom is full of blowjobs and fucking. I try to find a space to play. In the end I have to push someone out of the way to get a bit of wall space. I piss on him again. A leather clad top says something nasty to me in a language I cant understand. Somebody complains because my bitter tasting recycled tonic water urine has seeped across the floor and onto his leather jacket. My daddy-boy pig-slut is hard, sweating. Even though I dont drink alcohol, I take a mouthful of his beer and spit it over him. Then, I push my cock into his mouth and spray yet more piss into his mouth. He drinks every drop. I am close to heaven now. Dreamy almost. I lean down and lick his face clean. My mouth is full of his sweat and my piss. Two flavors guaranteed to stain a nice leather jacket. But dressed in our canvas, cotton and rubber, we simply soak up our pleasures.

"Good Boy," I say to him. And spit into his open mouth.

He replies quietly, in a soft Irish accent.

"Thank you Sir."

Kellan Farshea lives in London, UK. He is a dominant sadist, a pierced tattooed pervert and been actively involved in SM for 7 years. He is the founder of the Countdown on Spanner Campaign and SMPride. He is currently a trustee for The Spanner Trust. He is also a writer, a performance poet, a vegetarian and a human rights activist. ■

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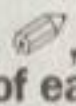
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
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
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Looking for 3-way bottoms who know how to obey, serve and please his men we want a bottom to give us what we want. Do you like it from both ends? POB 973, Oakbrook, IL 60522. South Florida and Nationwide. Write w/ photo now! You know you want all 15 inches. 9902 


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Dad, 48yo, 5'7", 152#, BRN/BRN, seeks long term relationship w/masc., butch, trim, HIV-GWM, 30-45yo. Love to sniff Levis and hole. Guys, send photos of your rear in Levi 501s. Relocate to the sun. GA, Box 78443, Tucson, AZ 85403, (520) 888-8785 11289 


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5'9", 210#, 40's, 7" cut, HIV- seeks stocky, chunky slave into heavy VA, whipping, WS, rimming, TT, CBT, humiliation, degradation, booze, smoke, aroma ok. Photo to POB 1141, JHQ Queens, NY 11372. No limits, bearded, balding, hairy, cut, heavy whipping, torture pluses. 9874 

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
WM, dominant, demanding, big, mature redneck wants contact with a submissive who is ready for abuse and total control. Outdoor scenes will include weapons, whips, spurs, ropes, cigars, uniforms, bootlicking, discipline, physical and verbal abuse. 5861 

BOXING GLOVES

GWM, 31yo, 5'10", 170#, seeks a husky, chubby Daddy or BB who craves the look, smell & feel of the gloves for scenes of tough-talk,

hours of humping, sniffing, heavy bag workout, safe boxing lessons. I'm a non-fighter into safe fantasy, relationship possible. 20189 


BOY SEEKS TARZAN

MUSC stud, 31yo, 5'8", 170# wants to be owned by a MUSC, strong, dominant Master/toughman. Share your life with a younger gdlkg guy. Perm only. I'm loyal, quiet. Relocation for butch outdoorsman. Must be large/husky and rugged. Photo required. POB 3124, Shawsheen Village Station, Andover, MA 01810-0803. 20343 


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Dominant, generous, fit, handsome, stable Top (successful professional, 48yo, 5'9", 170#, BRN/BRN, hairy chest - great pecs) wants Muscled boy/man for long term relationship. Provide home + support while you build your body. Must relocate to NC. Bottoms only. This is for real - no games. Apply with photo to 20198


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Hairy Italian BB, 5'9", 43"ch, 28"w, 16"a, 8 1/2"x5 1/2" cut. Wants full or part time slave for pig & other training. LL, uniforms, WS, BD, FF, CBT, VA, JO, spanking, worship. You: built, nasty, eager to please. You will work for the privilege of serving me & possibly 1 addl stud. 9993 

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Stripped naked and tortured beyond description solely for the pleasure of an audience? Seeking sophisticated exhibitionist / voyeur SM devotees to participate in scenes of elegant decadence involving all kink. TX, LA, CA, NY. 3659 

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Submissive white male, 40yo, wants Top Cop for arrest, interrogation, confinement done your way. Travel poss., complete discretion, special interests include uniforms, weapons, control, cuffs, etc. This prisoner needs incarceration. Call (412) 421-8252 or write to Box 9892 

DROP OUT PERMANENTLY

Into the country. Master, 40's, big, w/beard, tattoos, ISO slave willing to move to rural farmhouse. Latex/rubber/leather, BD, hoods, chains, gags, piercing. Total obedience. Short term trial OK! (423)471-2920 anytime. 20323 

ENEMA EXTREMIST SEEKS BOY

GWPM, musc, 50yo, 6'0", 200#, HIV-, hairy, balding, 'stache, smoker, fanatic about extra-soapy (1/4 - 1/2 bar) aggressive, hot, full-belly butthole enemas. ISO trim (smooth/shaved a +) "boy" 18-45yo. Want to supervise you on potty after/fuck your clean tender hole, bowels still cramp/aching. ONLY TOO MUCH IS ENUF. No scat. Photo/ltr to: POB

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GW couple - 1 top, 1 bottom seeks 2nd Masc. top into GR, FR, BD, SM, etc. (818) 244-0886 ☎

HOT WHITE TOP NEEDED

WM bearclub seeks hot WM Top for friendship, play, and/or possible relations. I am 45yo, hot btm, into SM, BD, WS, tit play, levis, boots, leather, etc. Hairy a plus! Relationship possible for right person. If serious, write to: JS, POB 67E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067. 5917 ☎

I GIVE SEVERE WHIPPINGS

Very severe, take it like a man. Your place only. POB 1051, Studio City, CA 91614

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Top, GWM, 40yo, sks men for torture fantasies: rack, cross, suspension, heavy restraint, whips, clamps, hot/cold, electric. Sex optional, safe & sane. I also switch. Mitchell, POB 500573, San Diego, CA 92150-0573.

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I need to submit totally to a dominant Top/Master who wants to use/abuse this novice bottom, 38yo, 5'9", 210#, light BRN/BRN, beard. Into FR/a, GR/p, SM, BD, CBT, WS, VA, more. Will try anything in the right situation. Dave, POB 571231, Tarzana, CA 91357. I'm serious.

TOILET BOTTOM?

Gdkg top, 5'9", 150#, BRN/BLU, w/o, HIV-. Seeks human toilet. Ltr & pix to Bill 9926

FLORIDA

BEEFY ABUSIVE STRAIT JOCK

Feeds filth, fist, humiliation to grateful deserving pigs. Jock is built, handsome, commanding and aggressive. I will use you for what you are and what I want. No relationships. Only submissive obedient pigs need call. (305) 277-5117. 20335 ☎

DADDY WANTS HIS BOY

Leather Daddy, 46yo, demanding, strict, loving, affectionate, is searching for his lost boy. Boy is 20-35yo, submissive, playful, loving, obedient, into leather, BD, SM, WS, and being in his Daddy's arms. Daddy is waiting for you, boy. Miami. 11282 ☎

GOOD LOOKING

44yo, BiWM, salt & pepper hair, 5'11", 175#, tan and fit. Would like to meet other adult males

for B&D and other games for mutual fun and pleasure. Broward or Palm Beach counties. Must include pix and EZ way to contact or no reply. 20147 ☎

LIVE-IN BOY WANTED!

Moderately sadistic and caring Daddy, 44yo, average endowment, seeks big dicked, naked slave, 28-38yo, for live-in. WS & paddles a must. Serious only. No phone sex. Platonic friends also wanted for social gatherings. Smokers OK. Call (904) 388-2421. Jacksonville, FL. 3556 ☎

MATURE BOTTOM

WM, 62yo, 5'8", 140#, in-shape, 39" chest, 32" waist, 7" cut, smooth swimmer's body, head and torso entirely clean shaven, dancer, educated, submissive, craves strict top or master to obey, serve, and pleasure. POB 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468 3693

PISS BUDDY SOUGHT

by goodlooking, bearded Daddy, young fifties, slim & fit. Seeks same for mutual raunch. Into WS, pits, mansmells, eating ass, and more. Travel US. Letter with photo gets reply. A. Rainmaker, PO Box 37934, Jacksonville, FL 32236. 88339 ☎

WANT TO SERVE AND SERVICE

You from head to feet. Top must be MASC, aggressive, 25-56yo, HIV-. No fats or ferns. Me: 158#, 49yo, 5'9", shaved head, VA, WS, tongue baths, humiliation, cock/arm/pit/feet sucking. Letter with pix gets reply. Angela, POB 398062, Miami Beach, FL 33239-8062. Serious Only. 20338 ☎

GEORGIA

APPLICATIONS FOR TRAINEE

GWM, 41yo, 6'0", 180#, HIV-, attractive, easy-going, and inventive. Stand naked and hard, ready for your Daddy's instructions. Send detailed biography & photo for trainee application to MB, POB 53266, Atlanta, GA 30355.

HAWAII

ARE YOU NEW TO THE SCENE?

Master provides SM, BD training and instruction for novice bottoms/slaves. Safe, sane, consensual. Limits respected. 20315 ☎

ILLINOIS

WANTED: HOT 40ISH CUT,

dominant Daddy to spread my round, smooth, tanned butt cheeks and tongue lube my tight shaved hole, of course leading to the main event of plowing my chute and shooting your load. (312) 878-1278 anytime. 20316 ☎

MAINE

WOODSHED STYLE PADDLINGS

Long, hard, bare-ass paddlings/strappings. Top/bottom, friendship/relationship oriented. Dave, POB 2004, Bangor, ME 04402. (207) 947-2329. No JO calls/phone sex. 8892 ☎

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BUTTHOLE SPECIALIST

Hot FF top/vers, 47yo, 5'11", 160#, muscular, masculine, 20 years experience, med. erotic hands. Considered a Master with a first timer/novice. Comfortable, safe, clean setup with stirrups, douche, rimseat. Cord: (617) 267-5629. Boston. Cord E-mail: cordc@world.std.com 3614 ☎

PIG BOTTOM SKS TOPS

28yo, GWM, very submissive pig bottom, 5'9", 150#, w/tight pussy deep throat, into cock worship, BD, groups, toys, party, very open. I like truckers, construction workers, masc., musc., moustache & hung A+. Bi-married OK. Mike (617) 325-6410, leave message. 20149 ☎

MICHIGAN

MUTUAL CBT/TT/GENITAL KINK

Handsome HIV- WM, 31yo, ISO same 18-36yo for safe, sane, respectful & mutual kink. Special interests: cock whipping/BD, vacuum pumps, hot wax, electricity, sounds, catheters. My dick is hungry to be fucked by one who knows the techniques. Let's probe together! Photo please. 3680 ☎

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NEW JERSEY

HANDBALLEE - READY - WILLING

31yo, 5'9", 165#, athletic would like a st arm up my hole. Put me in a sling & let's do also have a deep throat. Also into all aspect SM, BD, etc. 20348

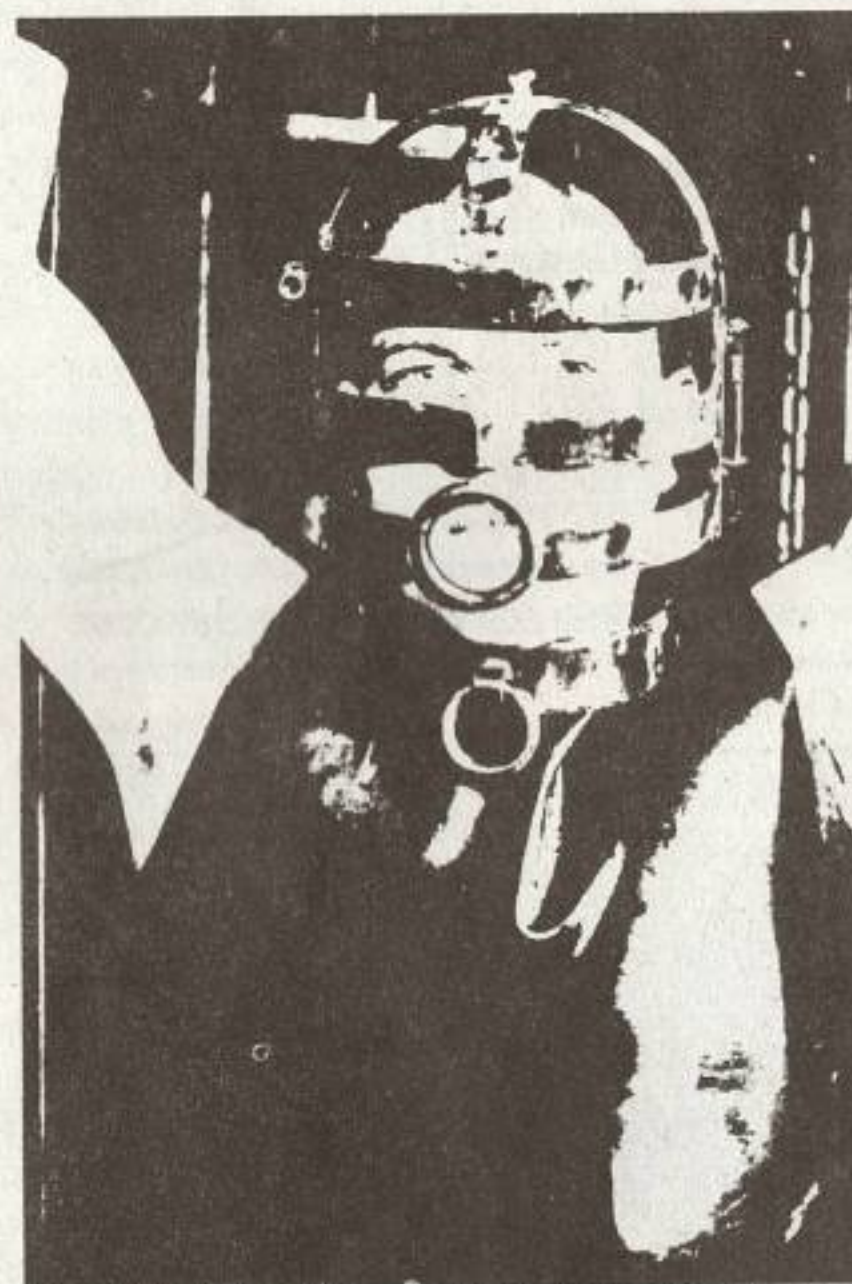
NEW YORK

ARE YOU TICKLISH?

Dominant, educated, HIV- GWM, 56yo, 5'11", 195# seeks intelligent, ticklish, HIV- GWM, 55yo for tickling, spanking, other light, consensual kink. Hugs, kisses, cuddling, sage. Dating, relationship possible. No d POB 462, Murray Hill Station, NYC, NY 100462. 9084 ☎

BARE BOTTOM SPANKING

GWM-37yo, 5'6", 155#. Guys 18-45, jack me over your knee, then blister my na peach-fuzz bare bottom till it burns & blush spank too. Reply to Bob Newhouser at 10 St.E. #7C, Brooklyn, NY 11238, or call (398-4811. ☎



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GWM SLAVE, 60'S DESIRES

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MASTER SEEKS SLAVE/SON

4'1", 195#, 41yo, blond, goodlooking ex-football player. Seeks slave-obedient, with nice, big, smooth ass, 18-29yo. Write to Duke: POB 20004, LD-TERR-STATION, NY, NY 10011. Son or stepson considered as well. 11286 ☎

NEED YOU

67 year-young, understanding Top or obedient bottom ISO someone special to share needs. 5911

HAWAII FRONTIER AREA

Submissive GWM, 170#, 6'0", sks intensive into pain/discipline/leather. Wish to expand my limits. No fats, drugs, booze. 20341 ☎

PIECE OF SHIT

Looking for humiliating abuser. Bootlicking, cock sucking whippingboy to serve sadistic, kinky Masters. Public scenes, groups especially desired. Also serve as naked slave at parties.

6'2", 165#, 39yo. NYC (212) 678-4405. 20194 ☎

VERBAL - AGGRESSIVE

Commanding, demanding, sensual, sensitive Daddy-Master-Sir, seeks "Yes, Sir", "Please, Sir", "Thank You, Sir" boy toy (18+) to please my eyes and satisfy our needs. Cleanly, discretely, my place in Brooklyn. Send phone & photo. POB 2043, NYC, NY 10159-2043 ☎

NO. CAROLINA

SERIOUS NOVICE SLAVE

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for weekend use. You are slim, short, preppie type. You will be kept nude or in skimpy bikinis for lite pain, humiliation and some exhibitionism. Must like floppy mocs and loafers, lite SM/BD. Cleveland. Photo, phone for interview. 8686 ☎

SM, BODY SHOTS & TORTURE

Ohio intelligent professional, 46yo, 5'10", 175#. Let's explore SM with artful, controlled application of elbows, knuckles, knees to crotch, gut, abs, ribs, or TT, BD. Submission wins my affection. Thin, defined to BB or average A+. No gut or over 210#. Safe, sane, kinky, role-reversal, one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and desires to SMC, POB 19830, Cincinnati, OH 45219.

OREGON

WHITE SLAVE HOUSEBOY WANTED

You: over 18 under 36yo. I am 56yo w/ 30 years SM Master exp. I will train you to be loved and appreciated by myself and my love slave. Longterm/ or lifetime. Only serious need apply. You need to obey, serve, be honest and true to your slave self and submit to my love and our lifestyle in Oregon. Send application, letter

w/photo and phone# to Master Ron. 20313 ☎

PENNSYLVANIA

SEEKING LEATHERBOY

Leather Daddy WM, 48yo, seeking boy in early 20's in Carlisle-Gettysburg-Shippensburg area. College boys welcome. WM or AM, thin, cute, smooth, non-smoker, drug-free, submissive, obedient for emotional, caring relationship. Frequent weekend get-aways possible. 20451

TENNESSEE

EXPERIENCED LEATHERMAN

Young looking Daddy - kinky, wet, wild. WM, 5'11", 175#, 8"cut, red hair/beard/pubes, HIV-, mutual hot, creative, WS, FF, dildos, enemas, ivory soap, SM, CBT. Photo exch. & actual meetings (423)579-3058 (8am till 9pm EST). No phone JO. 20175 ☎

STRIP-BOY

6'0", 155#, 36yo, experienced, submissive, pierced, tattooed, LL, rubber boy seeks forced stripping, nudity, and rape scenes. Into WS, raunch, toilet sex, CP, BD, humiliation and heavy VA from aggressive, dominant, LL. Men, groups, outdoors a+. 20196 ☎

TEXAS

OLDER SM BOTTOM WANTED

WM, 34yo, tall, dominant SM Top. I enjoy abrasion, whipping and Daddy/boy fantasy. You must be short, stocky, grey, balding boy. No smoking or drug use allowed. I prefer a permanent partner. Write today if you are the one. 20144 ☎

TEACH THIS BEGINNER

Muscles preferred. GWM, 39yo, 5'10", 185#, BLND hair, bottom, interested in learning from another beginner and/or pro about SM and more. I prefer BIG guys, BB types (over 210#). Will fly right person(s) to Dallas if necessary. If interested write with photo to: RR, POB 822718, Dallas, TX 75382-2718.

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VIRGINIA

SUBMISSIVE BOYTOY WANTED

WM, 39yo, 195#, BLND/BLU, seeks younger boytoy for weekend encounters on outer banks. Average, versatile guy, romance to kink in leather. Must be HIV- and honest. Write: Dr. BF, POB 15365, Chesapeake, VA 23328-5365. Signers welcomed. LTR possible for right attitude. 20337 ☎

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WISCONSIN

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GOODLOOKING LEATHER SLAVE

is looking for horny action while on the road. 39yo, 77kg, 6'2", clean shaven, 'stache, HIV+, uncut, hung. ISO goodlooking Top for: WS, BD, GR, rubber and FF training. Photo please. 20342

HOLY SHIT! SEE TITUS 2:9

Neo-traditional convent, Bangkok. Sanctuary for Disciples of Discipline. Min. reqs - obedience, service, support, submission. Piercing, tats, WS, pain, etc. We are 36, ex-Aust. BKK 7yrs & 1 Thai Discip. Apply: PDS, POB 51, Patpong, Bangkok 10506. Thailand. 20453

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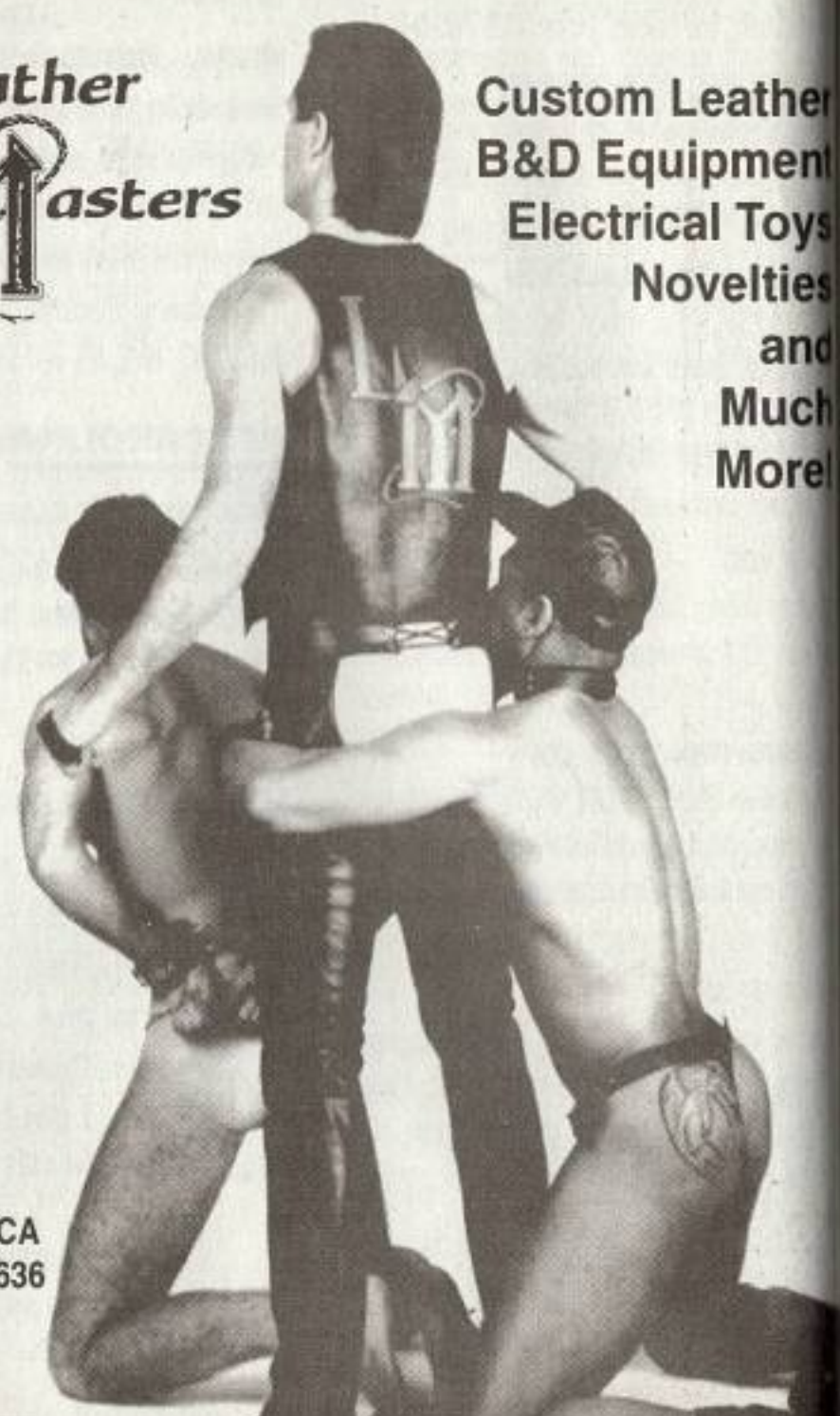


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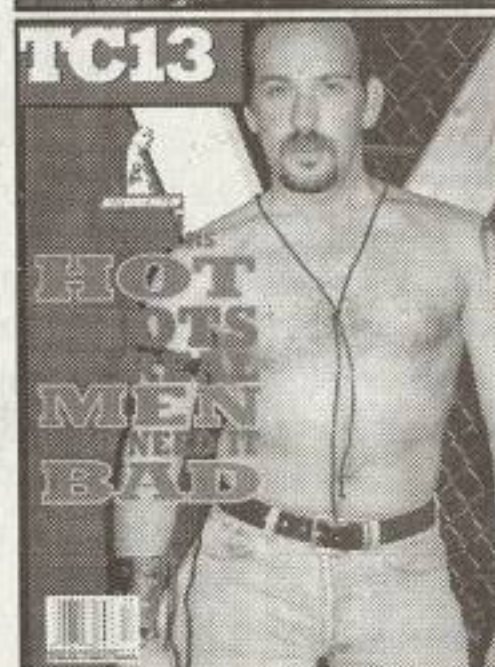
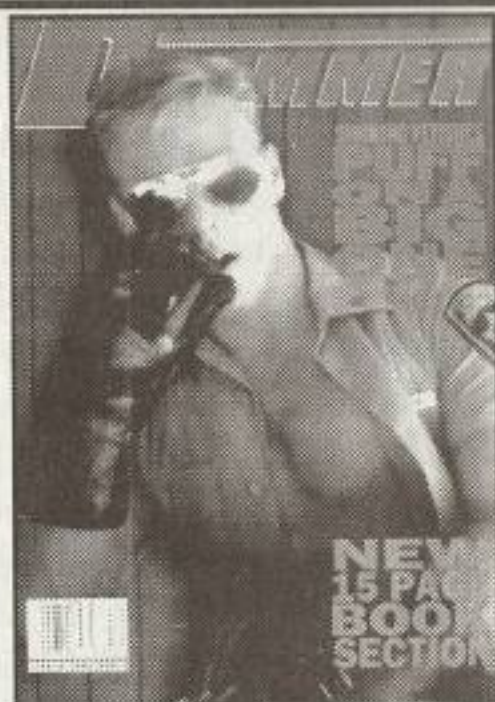
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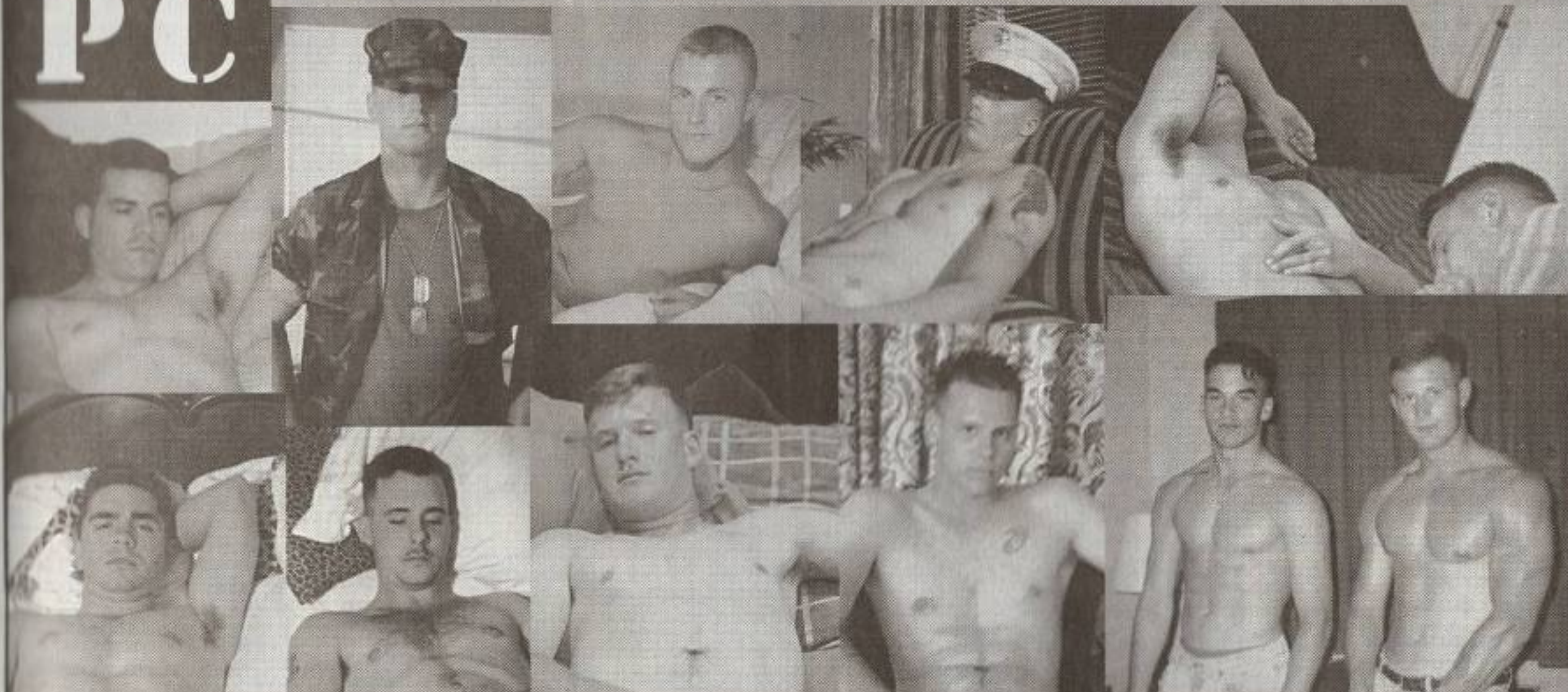
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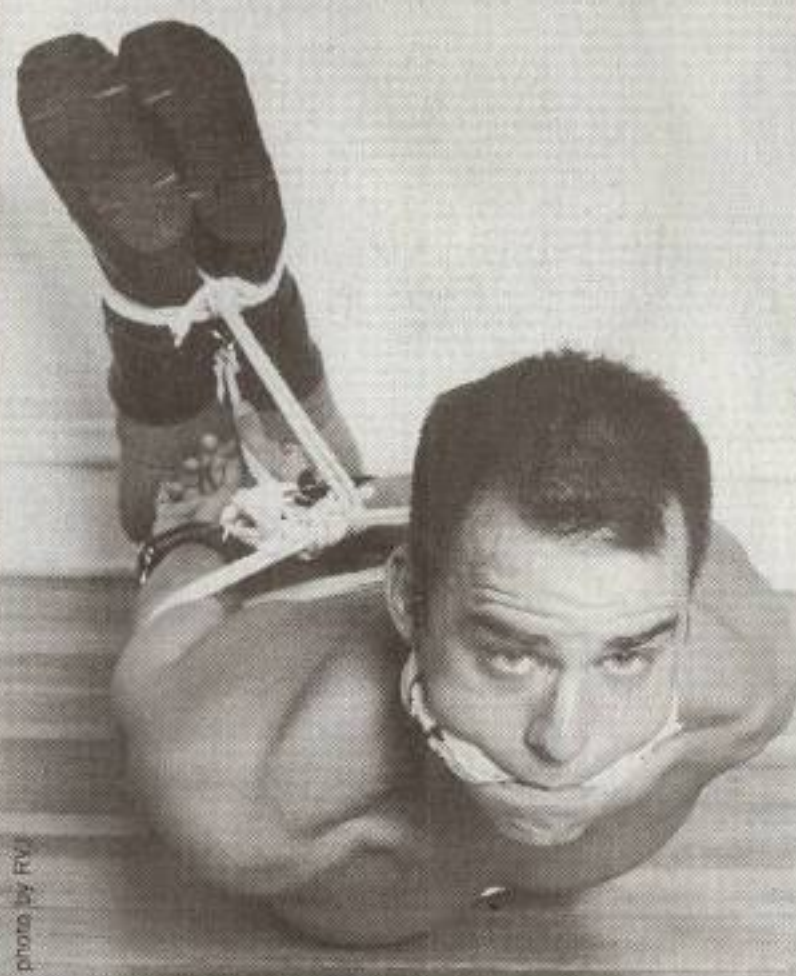
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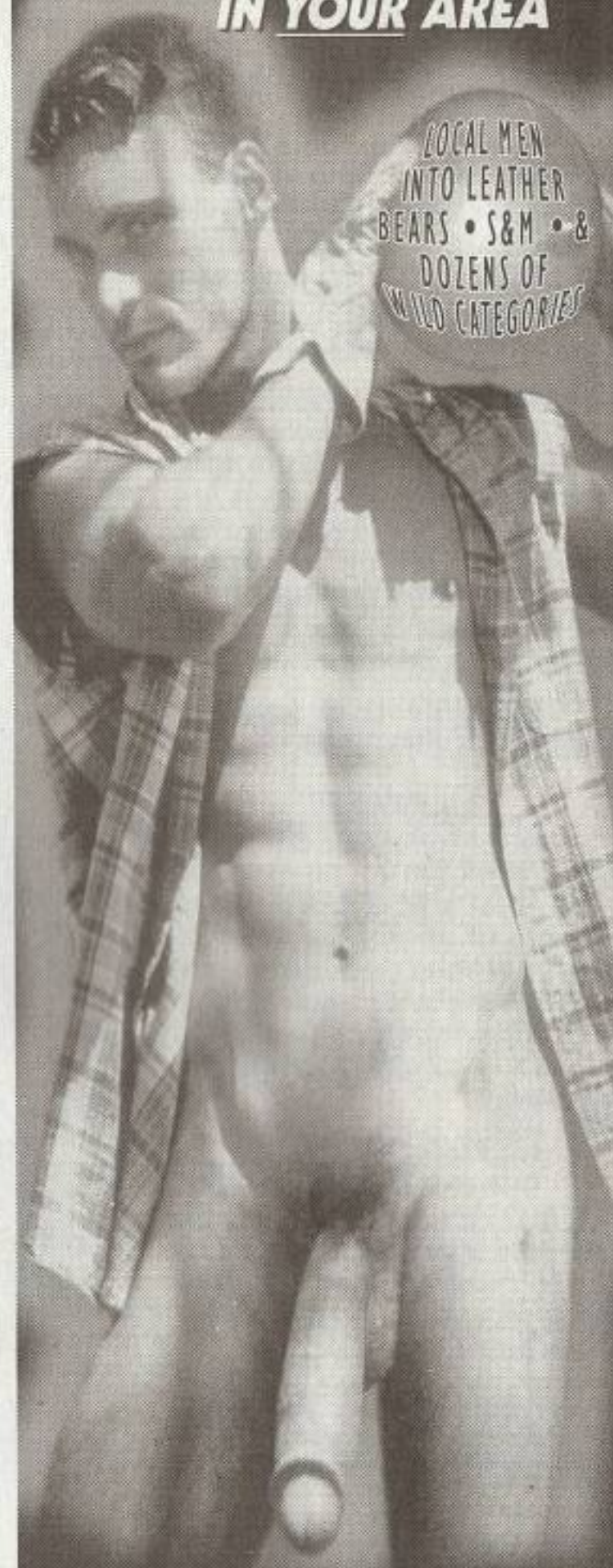
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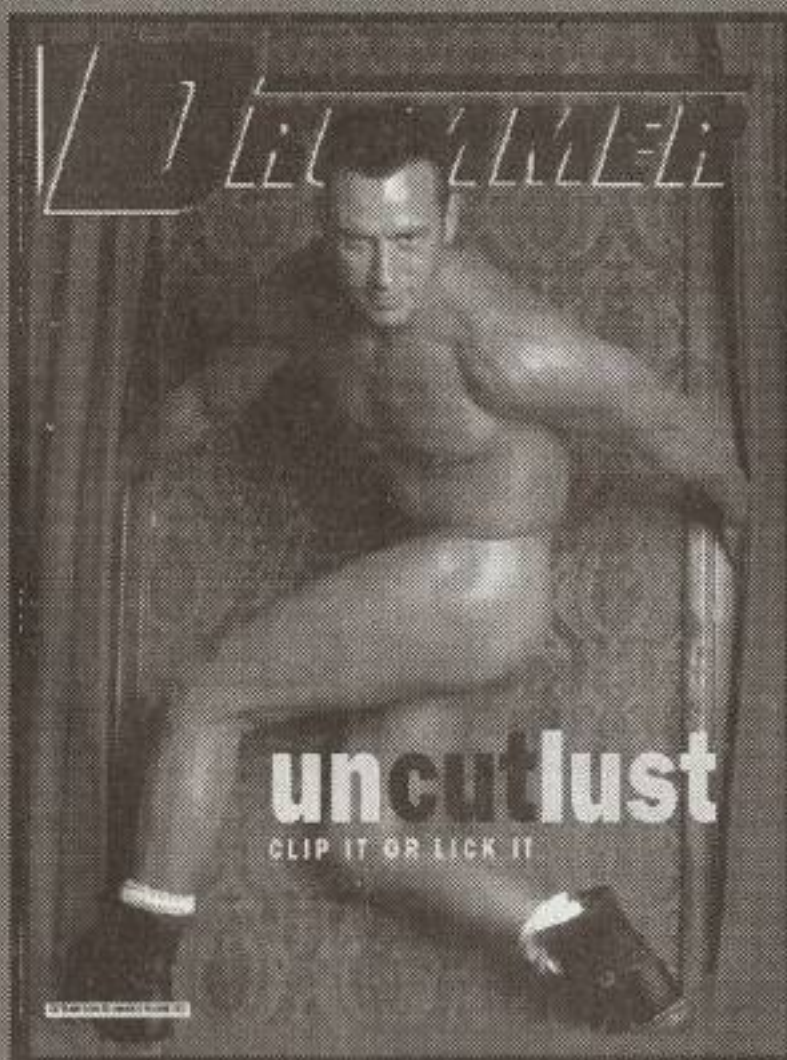
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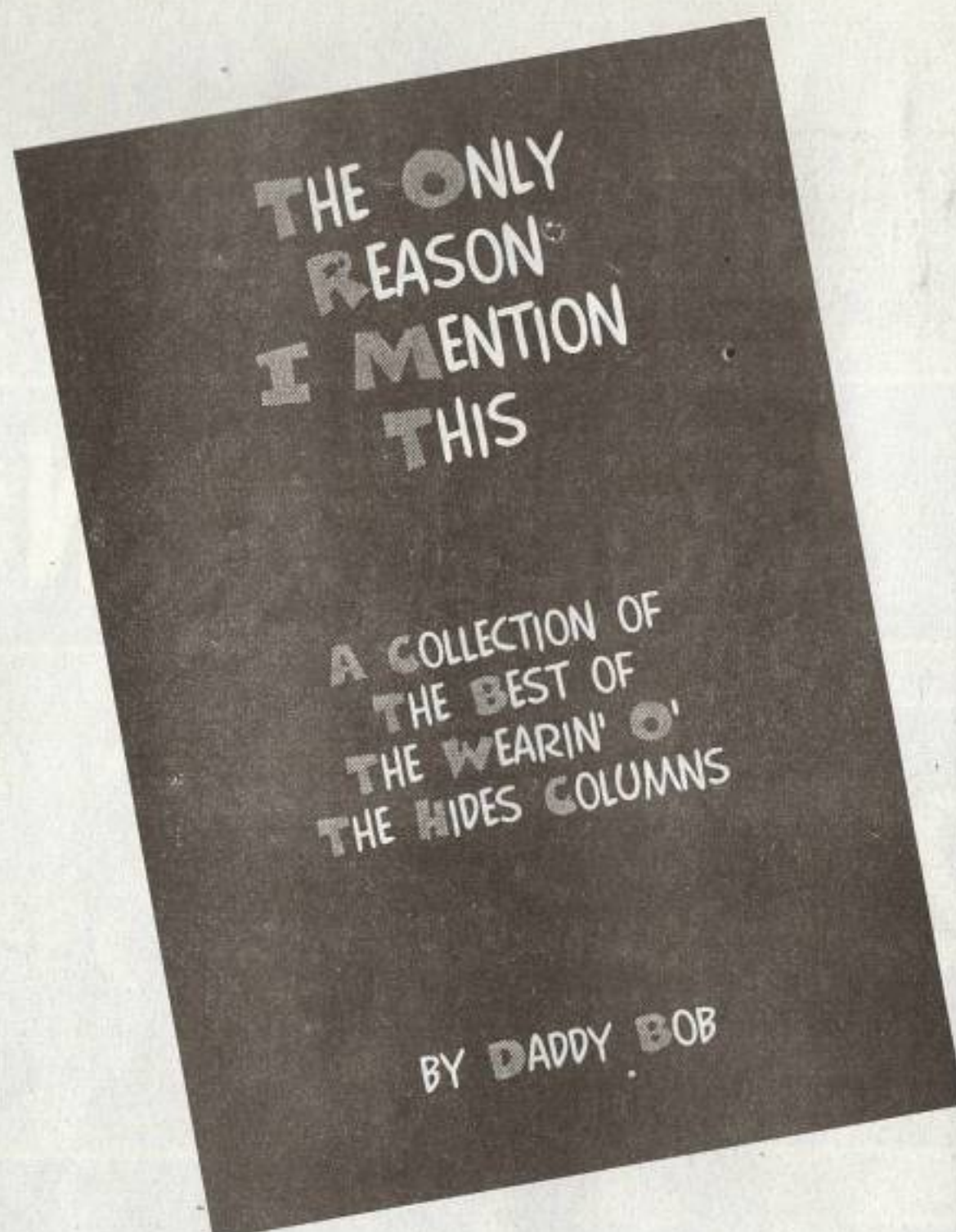
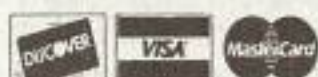
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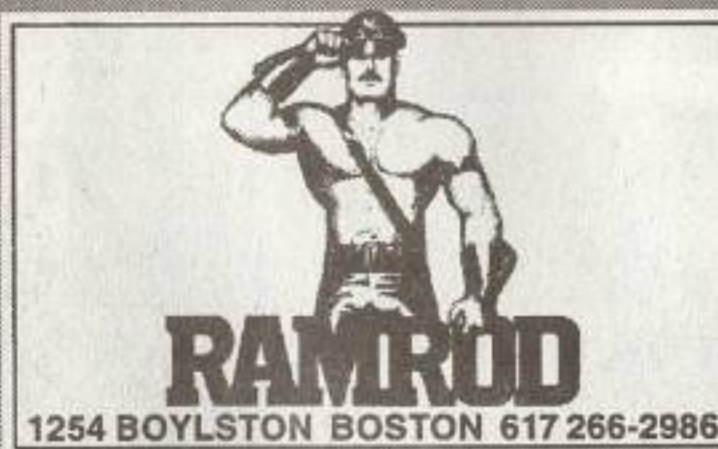
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WORLD-WIDE CALENDAR

JANUARY

4 Bar Night
Utica Tri's MC, Utica, NY

4 Bearhug
Dikke Maatjes, Meeting in Cafe de Company, Amsterdam

4 Bear Meat
Northwest Bears, Seattle, WA

4 Holiday Party
Knights of Malta, Seattle, WA

4 Rubber
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

4 Spanking Night
Spanking Club, North Hollywood, CA

5 Bar Night
Twilight Guard, Westport, CT

5 Club Meeting
Shipmates, Baltimore, MD

7 A Night Of Fashion
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

8 Couples Group: Body Mummification
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

8 Flails And Tails
GMS/MA, New York, NY

9 Bar Night
Sand Men, San Diego, CA

10 Couples Social
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

10 Leather & Law
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

10 SM 101: Introduction to SM
AIDS Committee of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

11 Bellingham's Coronation
Imperial Court of Bellingham

11 Bowling Tournament
Dikke Maatjes, Bowling Center Knijn, Amsterdam

11 Golden Shower
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

11 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting
Bar De Bak, Rotterdam

11 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting
Sauna Spartacus, Rotterdam

11 Ms. Fallen Angels Leather Contest
Los Angeles, CA

11 Reel Bears Movie Night
Renegade Bears, Seattle, WA

11 Social Night
Menamore LLC, Wilmington, NC

11 Workshop: Flogging
GMS/MA, New York, NY

12 Bar Meeting
Netherbears, Bar Le Shako, Amsterdam

12 VSSM FF
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

14 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

14 SM Involvement: Various Perspectives
Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

15 Beer Bust
Golden Gate Guards, SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA

15 Dominant Women/Submissive Men
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

15 SM
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

17 Bar Night
Vancouver Leather Alliance, Vancouver, BC

17 Jack Off
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

17 Spanking Social
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

17 Tough Customers Party
Pistons, Long Beach, CA

17-19 Fiesta de Los Osos
Bears of the Old Pueblo, Tucson, AZ

17-19 Bear Rendezvous
San Francisco, CA

17-19 Bears Do Las Vegas
Bears of Idaho, Las Vegas, NV

17-19 Gay Session I
Butchmann's, Palm Springs, CA

17-19 Mr. Ohio Valley Leather Contest
Boy Toy Productions, Columbus, OH

17-20 Portland Uniform Weekend V
In Uniform / America Uniform Association, Portland, OR

18 Bar Meeting
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe Le Shako, Amsterdam

18 Dungeon Play Party
ONYX, Chicago, IL

18 Dungeons And Drag Queens
San Francisco, CA

18 Dinner In The Sauna
Dikke Maatjes, Amsterdam

18 Fourth Anniversary
Enforcers Of Rhode Island, Providence, RI

18 Hibernation Party
Oregon Bears, Portland, OR

18 Novice Excursion To A NYC SM Club
Portland, OR

18 Officer's Mess Dinner
Portland Uniform Club, Portland, OR

18 Overnight Stay On US Navy Submarine
Portland Uniform Club, Portland, OR

18 Play Party
SandMen, San Diego, CA

18 Ripped Jeans Contest
Alameda County Leather Corps, Hayward, CA

18 Third Annual Mr. Southern California Bear Contest
Bears LA, Moguls, Hollywood, CA

19 At Ease Dinner
Portland Uniform Club, Portland, OR

19 Beer/Soda Bust And Charity Auction
Bears LA, Faultline, Los Angeles, CA

19 Grant Reception
Brother Help Thyself, Baltimore, MD

19 Power: The Leather Dance
ONYX, Chicago, IL

19 SML Brunch
Seattle Men In Leather, Seattle, WA

19 VSSM SM
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

20 Bears Invade Six Flags Magic Mountain
Bears LA, Valencia, CA

21 Club Meeting
Orange Coast Leather Assembly, Garden Grove, CA

21 Spanking Workshop
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

22 Beer Bust
Golden Gate Guards, Daddy's, San Francisco, CA

22 Monthly Meeting
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

22 Shocked And Appealed
GMS/MA, New York, NY

22 SM Without Pain
NLA: Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

23 Coalition Of Community Organizations
Pride Project, Seattle, WA

24 Beer Bust
SandMen, San Diego, CA

24 Big Dutch 'Afzakkertje'

Big Dutch, The Queenspub, Eindhoven, Holland

24 Big Dutch Sauna Day
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Ledeganckstraat 1, Eindhoven

24 Club Meeting
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Eindhoven, Holland

24 Golden Shower
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

24 Social Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

24-26 Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend
Centaur MC, Washington, DC

24-26 Mr. Ohio Valley Leather Contest
Boy Toy Productions, Columbus, OH

25 Dungeon Demo
GMS/MA, New York, NY

25 Everett's Coronation
Imperial Court of Everett

25 Meeting
Tarheel Leather Club, Greensboro, NC

25 Scat
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

26 Club Meeting
Big Dutch, Eindhoven

28 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

28 SM Etiquette
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

29 Dominant Men/Submissive Women: Literary Contest Awards
The Eulenspiegel Society, New York, NY

31 Big Dutch Sauna Meeting
Sauna Jaguar, Eindhoven

31-Feb. 2 Pantheon of Leather Awards VII
The Leather Journal, New Orleans, LA

31 Rubber Night
Renegades, New York, NY

FEBRUARY

1 Bar Night
Utica Tri's MC, Utica, NY

1 Bearhug
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe de Company, Amsterdam

1 Begger's Feast
Knights Of Malta, Seattle, WA

1 Club Meeting
Dikke Maatjes Girth & Mirth, The Company, Amsterdam

1 Mr. and Ms. Olympus Leather
New Orleans, LA

1 Mr. Connecticut Bear Rumble
Twilight Guard, Westport, CT

1 Opening Reception For Pantheon Of Leather VII
New Orleans, LA

1 SM Night
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

1 Spank Night
Spanking Club, North Hollywood, CA

1-2 21st Anniversary
Jackaroos, Melbourne, Australia

1-2 Pantheon of Leather Weekend
New Orleans, LA

2 Black Hearts Ball
Pantheon Of Leather, New Orleans, LA

2 Pantheon Of Leather Community Service Awards
New Orleans, LA

7 Beer Bust
Golden Gate Guards, SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA

7 Meet And Greet For Seattle Mr. Leather Contest
Seattle, WA

7-8 Seattle Mr. Leather Contest
Generic Leather Productions, Seattle, WA

7-9 Gay Session I
Butchmann's, Palm Springs, CA

8 Anniversary
Club de Cuir Predateurs, Montreal, Quebec

8 Golden Shower
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

8 Fourth Anniversary
Icon Detroit, Detroit, MI

8 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting
Bar De Bak, Rotterdam

8 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting
Sauna Spartacus, Rotterdam

8 Leather Elegance Ball
Alameda County Leather Corps, Hayward, CA

8 Party
Vulcan American Southern California, Palm Springs, CA

8 Social Night
Menamore LLC, Wilmington, NC

9 Bar Meeting
Netherbears, Bar Le Shako, Amsterdam

9 SM 201: Get The Point
AIDS Committee of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

9 VSSM FF
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

11 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

11 South of Market Mardi Gras Party
San Francisco, CA

12-15 20th Anniversary
The Pennsmen, Harrisburg, PA

13 Bar Night / Play Party
SandMen, San Diego, CA

14-16 20th Black Frost
Black Guard, Minneapolis, MN

14-16 Let Us Entertain You
Houston Council of Clubs, Houston, TX

14-16 Mid-Atlantic Leather Weekend
Centaur MC, Washington, DC

15 Bar Meeting
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe Le Shako, Amsterdam

15 Dinner In The Sauna
Dikke Maatjes, Dinner in the Sauna, Amsterdam

15 Seattle's Coronation
Imperial Court of Seattle, WA

15 Uniform
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

16 Constantines of the Bay Area
30th Anniversary Party, San Francisco, CA

16 Portland Mr. Leather Contest
Portland, OR

16 President's Party
Key West Wreckers, Key West, FL

16 VSSM SM
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

16-18 BIG & Bear Weekend 1996
Elect Mr. Chubby/Mr. Bear/Mr. Chaser, Dikke Maatjes Girth & Mirth, Amsterdam

17-19 Mr. Ohio Valley Leather Contest
Boy Toy Productions, Columbus, OH

19 SM
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

21 Beer Bust
SandMen, San Diego, CA

21 Big Dutch 'Afzakkertje'
Big Dutch, Bar The Queenspub, Eindhoven

21 Big Dutch Sauna Day
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Ledeganckstraat 1, Eindhoven

21 Jack Off
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

21-23 22nd Anniversary Run
Blue Max CC, St. Louis, MO

21-23 Freeze & Sneeze V
Leather United Chicago, Indianapolis, IN

21-23 International Bear Rendezvous
Bears of SF, Lone Star Saloon, San Francisco, CA

22 14th Anniversary
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

22 27th Anniversary
Border Riders MC, Seattle, WA

22 Border Riders MC
27th Anniversary Celebration

22 Coronation
Imperial Court of San Francisco, San Francisco, CA

22 FF Nacht
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

22 Meeting
Tarheel Leather Club, Greensboro, NC

22 San Francisco's Coronation
Imperial Court of San Francisco

23 Big Dutch Meeting
Big Dutch, Eindhoven, Holland

25 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

25 Play Workshop
NLA: Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

26 Monthly Meeting
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

28 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

28 Big Dutch Club Meeting
Sauna Jaguar, Eindhoven, Holland

28 Golden Shower
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

28 Social Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

28-Mar. 2 Lions Pride VIII: The Bronze Age/Eighth Anniversary
Menamore LLC, Wilmington, NC

MARCH

1 Auction II
Twilight Guard, Westport, CT

1 Bearhug
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe de Company, Amsterdam

1 First Anniversary
Men of Rubber, Chicago, IL

1 Mardi Gras
Sydney, Australia

1 Rubber
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

1 Spank Night
Spanking Club, North Hollywood, CA

8 Golden Shower
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

8 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting
Bar De Bak, Rotterdam

8 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting
Sauna Spartacus, Rotterdam

8 Social Night
Menamore LLC, Wilmington, NC

9 Bar Meeting
Netherbears, Bar Le Shako, Amsterdam

9 SM 201

AIDS Committee of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

9 VSSM FF

Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

11 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

14 Leather & Law
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

14-16 Workshop Weekend For Men Only

Master & slave Institute, POB 13023, Chicago, IL 60613

15 Bar Meeting
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe Le Shako, Amsterdam

15 Boot Black
Unicorns of Madison, Chicago Eagle, Chicago, IL

15 Movie Giveaway
Knights of Malta, Seattle, WA

15 Oil

Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

15 Dinner In The Sauna
Dikke Maatjes, Amsterdam

16 VSSM SM
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

19 SM
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

21 Black Party
The Cuff, Seattle, WA

21 Jack Off
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

21-23 3rd Anniversary Run
FIST, Baltimore, MD

21-23 Mr. and Ms. New Mexico Leather Contest
Albuquerque, NM

21-30 Washington State Leather Pride Week
Seattle, WA

22 Crossing The Border And Playing Outside Canada
NLA: Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

22 Cuff 4th Anniversary Celebration
The Cuff, Seattle, WA

22 Scat
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

22 Vancouver BC Coronation
Dogwood Monarchist Society, Vancouver, BC

22-23 Mr. and Ms. Baltimore Eagle Contest
Baltimore Eagle, Baltimore, MD

23 8th Anniversary Brunch
Seattle Men In Leather, Seattle, WA

25 Bar Night
Renegades, New York, NY

25 Bellingham SM Leather Munch
B-kin, Rumors, 8pm, Bellingham, WA

25 Doomed Rabbit Night
Beyond the Edge Cafe, Seattle, WA

26 Beer Bust
Golden Gate Guards, Daddy's, San Francisco, CA

26 Monthly Meeting
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

27 International Titleholder's Night
The Cuff, Seattle, WA

27 Table Of Ruthless Conversation
SKIN, 7:30pm @ Beyond the Edge Cafe, Seattle, WA

28 Club Meeting
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Eindhoven

28 Big Dutch 'Afzakkertje'
Big Dutch, Bar The Queen-spud, Eindhoven

28 Sauna Day
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Ledeganckstraat 1, Eindhoven, Holland

28 Golden Shower
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

28 Meet And Greet For Washington State Mr. Leather Contest
WSMLO, The Cuff, Seattle, WA

28 Rubber Night
Renegades, New York, NY

28 Social Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

28 Washington State Ms. Leather Contest
Seattle, WA
28 Women's Event Fundraiser
Washington State Ms. Leather, Seattle, WA

29 Relie

Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

29 Washington State Mr. Leather Contest
WSMLO, Neighbors, Seattle, WA

30 Biker Beer Bust
Border Riders MC, Seattle Eagle, Seattle, WA

30 Washinton State Leather Awards And Victory Brunch
The Encore, Seattle, WA

APRIL

4-5 Gay Session I
Butchmann's, Palm Springs, CA

4-6 4th Anniversary Party
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

4-6 Rubbout VI
Vancouver, BC

5 Anniversary
Tarheel Leather Club, Greensboro, NC

5 Bearhug
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe de Company, Amsterdam

5 Mr. Connecticut Drummer Contest
Twilight Guard, Westport, Ct

5 SM Night
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

5 Spank Night
Spanking Club, North Hollywood, CA

11-12 Pansexual Workshop Weekend
Master & slave Institute, POB 13023, Chicago, IL 60613

12 Beer Bust
Golden Gate Guards, SF Eagle, San Francisco, CA

12 Bowling Tournament
Dikke Maatjes, Bowling Center Knijn, Amsterdam

12 Golden Shower

Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

12 Kubus Rotterdam Bar Meeting
Bar De Bak, Rotterdam

12 Kubus Rotterdam Sauna Meeting
Sauna Spartacus, Rotterdam

12 Social Night
Menamore LLC, Wilmington, NC

13 Meeting
Netherbears, Le Shako, Amsterdam

13 SM 101: Intro To SM
AIDS Committee of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

13 VSSM FF
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

16 SM
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

18 Jack Off
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

18 Meeting
Dikke Maatjes, Cafe Le Shako, Amsterdam

18 Dinner In The Sauna
Dikke Maatjes, Amsterdam

18-20 Men's Play Weekend
Ft. Lauderdale Leather Guild, Ft. Lauderdale, FL

18-20 Trails End/Anniversary
Kansas City Pioneers, Kansas City, MO

19 Uniform
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

19-20 Mr. and Ms. Baltimore Eagle Contest
Baltimore Eagle, Baltimore, MD

20 VSSM SM

Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

23 Monthly Meeting
Avatar, Los Angeles, CA

25 Big Dutch Club Meeting
Club for Chubbies, Bears, and Chasers. @ Sauna Jaguar, Eindhoven

25 Big Dutch 'Afzakkertje'
Big Dutch, Bar The Queen-spud, Eindhoven

25 Sauna Day
Big Dutch, Sauna Jaguar, Ledeganckstraat 1, Eindhoven

25 Golden Shower
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

25 Social Meeting
Suncoast Leather Club, St. Petersburg, FL

25-27 Fiesta UnChained Run/Anniversary
Chain of Command, San Antonio, TX

25-27 Spring In The South
Atlanta SM Solidarity, Atlanta, GA

25-27 Straight Session I
Butchmann's, Palm Springs, CA

26 Meeting
Big Dutch, Eindhoven, Holland

26 FF Night
Vagevuur, Kanaaloyk Noord 11, Eindhoven, Holland

26 The Prom You Never Went To
Tacky Tourists Club, Seattle, WA

26 Watersports
NLA: Toronto, Toronto, Ontario

30 4th Anniversary
Vancouver Leather Alliance, Vancouver, BC

Reflections of the Bath

BY THOMAS LUKENS, ©1996

Around the world today and throughout history, wherever men get together to take off their clothes, sex seems to be a natural result. It makes sense. Distinctions of wealth and rank are stored safely with the clothes, freeing the body in more ways than one. Negotiations can be conducted efficiently. For personal safety, it certainly beats outside cruising or picking up a trick. Best of all, the washing up afterwards is pleasurable in itself.

The worldwide phenomenon of openly advertised, exclusively gay baths is almost certainly a post-Stonewall development, and a great unifier of gay culture. It is a distinctive amenity that enriches international travel for gay people. A certain lockerroom intimacy prevails in the relaxation areas (as distinct from the play areas) of the typical baths, and honest, personal conversation between natives of different countries is more likely to occur there than in bars and discos.

I never went to the baths before I moved to San Francisco in 1980, even though my home town, Chicago, had several. But once in SF I didn't waste much time. In my closeted phase the baths seemed an ideal solution of how to have a full-bodied sex life without bringing anyone home. But even with an openly gay home life, baths are still the best answer to the question, "Whadya do when ya gotta have it now?"

The baths are a recurring bone of partisan contention. For some, the baths of twenty years ago belong to a lost age of innocence, when man-to-man sex was first discovered to be both beautiful and harmless. The abandonment of restraint and the feats of endurance regularly practiced then remain an ideal of sexual expression unlikely to be recreated in our

lifetime. For others the baths are a cesspool of infection, spreading disease among those who can't make responsible choices around sex. We can't stop the unprotected sex, but we could make it harder by closing the baths.

Why all the fuss? It can't be just the unleashing of animal sexuality. The tea-rooms and the cruising parks are far more bestial. But in the baths a patron is protected by the law. Should this be so? The strongest argument for closing the baths is that they spread disease. Do they? Perhaps. I know I caught herpes at the baths and some surely contract AIDS there. The diseases that are sexually transmitted in gay life are also transmitted at the baths. But do the baths promote the transmission? As far as AIDS goes, the baths promote protection—directly by providing materials and indirectly through peer-group pressure. The guy who takes an unwrapped dick up his butt at the baths will do it anywhere.

For a long time the baths were my preferred sexual outlet of choice. Today I say, "No thanks." When I connect with someone at the baths, perhaps a shy man, I want to take time and explore his sexual psyche. Maybe he finds this invasive (as many do!), so the encounter gets cut short. Or maybe he really likes it, but freezes from the attention (and strange hands) that a hot scene inevitably draws or the space becomes too cramped. Then, my best result is to persuade him to come home



with me. It can be really great when it happens. But when the reason I go to the baths is to pick up a man to bring home, I know I'm a fringe player and the odds are against me. So, I leave the baths for others.

It's pointless to criticize the baths for what they're not. The baths in 1996 must be very unlike 1976. But if the baths have changed a lot since then, I've changed even more and I would go back if I could. The baths reflect who we are in our naked sexuality. Go there and take a look. Do you see infection and emotional disturbance? Do you see a celebration of animal vitality? Do you see humor and intelligence and compassion? Look again. It's all there.

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